Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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[illegible]E UNITED STATES' BRANCH BANK AT NEW YORK.

[illegible] elegant edifice was commenced in the [illegible] of 1822; but owing to the epidemic with [illegible] the city was visited, the progress of the [illegible] was so much delayed, that it was not [illegible]ted till the spring of 1824. It was first [illegible] for the transaction of business in April [illegible] year. It is composed of white marble [illegible] quarries of Westchester. It fronts six[illegible] on Wall street, and is about seventy feet deep, occupying a lot that cost almost as much as the building itself, $40,000. It is formed in the most substantial manner, and is altogether fire proof. The banking room is thirty feet in height, and surrounded by a gallery. Besides this room, there are other apartments for the accommodation of directors, stockholders, with those occupied as a loan office, and for the payment of United States' pensioners, &c. The beauty of the structure is greatly enhanced by the gallery, vestibule and portico.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

HOURS OF GLOOM.

[illegible] thoughts are wrapp'd in midnight gloom—
There comes no joyful sound,—
[illegible] silence, deeper than the tomb,
And darkness more profound.

[illegible]k clouds in circling volumes roll,
And scarce a ray of light
[illegible] out to cheer my fainting soul,
Amid the starless night!

[illegible] Faith yet lives, and Hope survives
[illegible] deeply, tho' unseen;
My [illegible] against Fate's weapon strives,
Tho' darts fly thick and keen.

Then triumph not, ye soulless crew!
Restrain your mirth a while;
[illegible] brighter scenes shall rise to view,
And fortune once more smile.

But, whether fortune smile or frown,
My soul is still the same,—
And nought on earth may cast it down,
Save infamy and shame!

The [illegible] one, who fills all space,
And governs ev'ry part,
Will never suffer foul disgrace
To reach a noble heart.

Then rail, ye scorners! I am strong
In consciousness of right;
With cheerful voice I'll raise my song
To one the source of light!

O. G.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

[illegible], my coz, a few lines more, and thy sauce[illegible] is done; a phrase in my last requires [illegible] explanation. "Virtues in miniature," what [illegible] it?—In my passage through life, I now [illegible] discover among the multitudes, persons [illegible] many bright qualities; perhaps in a [illegible] every virtue that constitutes the character [illegible] christian; virtues which, were they [illegible]ed and caused to expand, would appear [illegible] possessor an halo of unearthly glory; [illegible] beings have sometimes, though rarely, [illegible] my view, and caused me to linger on [illegible]age, till the warning voice of my guar[illegible] has bid me beware. [illegible] brief, I consider a wicked man to be [illegible] with demons of darkness,—a selfish [illegible] not absolutely wicked, as one alone, [illegible] who speeds his upward flight against [illegible] and tide of time, who cultivates every [illegible] of the soul in the highest degree, is one [illegible] by angels,* or spirits made perfect—[illegible] man fearing God, despising evil, and [illegible] to virtue's side," though not assiduously [illegible] in keeping the garden of his heart; [illegible] one I consider as being surrounded with [illegible]; but, to advance an idea, which I pre[illegible] original, they are infant spirits, or vir[illegible] miniature!

[illegible]

For the Saturday Evening Post.

WARREN.

[illegible], brave, and glorious was his young career
And freedom follows with her tread,
[illegible] silent ranks of the dead
[illegible]
[illegible]

Byron.

[illegible] does the deep feeling of these lines come [illegible], when I think on the fate of Warren, [illegible] early martyr in a noble cause——yes,——

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Who would not die the death they chose?

[illegible] need not go to Roman or to Grecian story, [illegible] instances of the sublime in valour, or the [illegible]ful in patriotism. We have them at home. [illegible] have left their light on our own native land. [illegible] light rests on her free institutions, and lives [illegible] hearts of her sons; and there we hope, it [illegible] forever. We have as a legacy, the me[illegible] of Warren. A legacy which cannot be ta[illegible] from us. Which, as we regard it, will [illegible] prove our honour or our shame. When [illegible]rs;—when our thoughts turn coldly to [illegible] the times that tried men's souls—when [illegible]ams of feeling though not dried up, are [illegible]; and the names of the worthy fall upon [illegible], like the rain drop on the rock, without [illegible]ion or effect—then, we may be assured, [illegible] the "mountain nymph, sweet liberty," is [illegible] her footsteps with sorrowing look, from [illegible]tern home; and that disunion, strife, and [illegible]r train of ills are gathering against us, [illegible] clouds of the tempest, when it is prepar[illegible] sweep the earth in its desolating wrath, [illegible]me of Warren should be enshrined in the [illegible] of every young American;—the recollec[illegible] his virtues—his sacrifice—like the lamp [illegible] Hebrew temple, which the watchful eye [illegible]dy hand of the ministering devotee never [illegible]ted to wax dim for want of the sustaining [illegible]ould have its flame perpetual—

[illegible] he was freedom's champion, one of those,
[illegible] few in number, who had not o'erstept
[illegible] charter to chastise which she bestows
[illegible]
[illegible] of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

[illegible] the liberal spirit of patriotic gratitude, [illegible] and contemplate the "brief, brave and [illegible]" career of him who fell on Bunker Hill. [illegible] loved the academic grove, and the wreath of [illegible]ry triumph had adorned his youthful brow. [illegible] entered the graver walks of science, and [illegible] them pleasant; reputation and wealth [illegible] in the distance, beckoned him to advance; [illegible] obeyed with glad and hasty footsteps.—[illegible] voice of his country was heard calling [illegible] her children for protection and redress—[illegible] turned, and went where duty prompted; [illegible] mingled in the strife of politics and war.—[illegible] his eloquence at public meetings and in [illegible] circles of the people, and with the effu[illegible] of his able pen, he strove to expand and properly to direct the feeling of resistance which began to prevail. He strove to allay all personal animosity, and to give increased firmness to patriotic resolution. When the threat was made, that his life would be attempted who dared to speak to the people of the "Boston Massacre," Warren appeared at the appointed place; and his oration was delivered to a crowded audience, with an animated voice and a fearless countenance—though British officers stood in the aisles, and on the pulpit steps, and even in the pulpit from whence he delivered his sentiments of most offensive energy, and arraigned the conduct of the oppressors of his country in language of most obnoxious indignation.

He was with the militia at Lexington, and shared in the dangers of that important day—when the sword was drawn, and our fathers appealed to Heaven, and relied for success on the strength which they knew a conscious justice of their cause could not fail to bestow, his worth was appreciated, and he was honoured with the confidence of his countrymen. He was made President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and a Major General of their forces. But it was not permitted to him to behold his "country take her place among the nations of the earth." He fell when gloom had gathered over our land; and when the whispers of sweet hope were scarcely heard, and the shouts of hostile exultation were waxing loud—but to be changed, however, to the retreating notes of disappointment and defeat.

Warren arrived on the battle ground of Bunker Hill, when the enemy had commenced their movements for the attack. The veteran Prescott immediately desired him to take the command. "No," said Warren, "I am come to learn the art of war from an experienced soldier. I will stand in the ranks as a volunteer, and be happy to obey his orders." Warren fought with his musket as a common soldier; and changed his place from time to time, to cheer his fellow soldiers by word and gesture. The fight was well maintained.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews——

Our infant army was obliged to fly before the disciplined hirelings of the enemy; but a dearly purchased victory was their's. The defeat—if one it could be called, was salutary to us. It showed us where we needed strength, and urged us to supply the want in time. Warren was one of the last who left the breast-work. He was retiring with unwilling steps, when a bullet struck him; and the hero yielded up his life, where his valour had been conspicuous. We twine the olive and the laurel-leaf in the chaplet for his tomb; may the dews of a Nation's gratitude preserve them ever green!

J. B. S.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Lines on the Death of Sarah Savery.

Farewell! and must I bid adieu
To one I loved so well?
A tribute [illegible]
[illegible]

The worth of one whose spirit's flown
To heavenly realms, I trust,
The bright, celestial [illegible]
[illegible] of earth and dust.

Though many friends she's left behind
To mourn their deep, [illegible]
To them I [illegible]
She [illegible]

[illegible]
To heaven's [illegible] above,
[illegible]
Of praise and endless love.

HARRIET.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Bring not those brightly blushing Flowers.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

No, you pale [illegible]
A [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Sweet flowers of hope around me [illegible]
Alas! they [illegible]
Once brightly bloom'd those flowers [illegible]
Then bind them on my brow.

Willsborough, N. Y. FRANCES.

From the Casket.

ANACREON IC.

Oh let the cup [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Passages from the Diary of a late Physician.

MOTHER AND SON.

[CONCLUDED.]

The next week was all agony, humiliation, confessions, and forgiveness. The only item in the black catalogue which he omitted or misrepresented, was the duel he was to have fought. He owned, after much pressing, in order to quiet his mother and cousin, that he *had* fought, and escaped unhurt. But Beauchamp in his own mind, was resolved, at all events, to give Apsley the meeting, on the very earliest opportunity. His own *honor* was at stake! His own revenge was to be sated! The first thing, therefore, that Beauchamp did, after he was sufficiently recovered to be left alone, was to drop a hasty line to Sir Edward Streighton, informing him that he was now ready and willing, nay, anxious to give Apsley the meeting, which he had been prevented doing, only by his sudden and severe illness. He entreated Sir Edward to continue, as heretofore, his *friend*, and to hasten the matter as much as possible; adding, that whatever event might attend it, was a matter of utter indifference to one who was weary of life. Sir Edward, who began to wish himself out of a very disagreeable affair, returned him a prompt, polite, but not very cordial answer; the substance of which was, that Apsley, who happened to be with Sir Edward when Beauchamp's letter arrived, was perfectly ready to meet him at the place formerly appointed, at seven o'clock on the ensuing morning. Beauchamp was somewhat shocked at the suddenness of the affair. How was he to part, overnight—possibly for ever—from his beloved and injured as beloved, mother and cousin? Whatever might be the issue of the affair, what a monster of perfidy and ingratitude must he appear to them!

Full of these distracting thoughts, he locked his room door, and proceeded to make his will. He left "every thing he had remaining on earth in any shape" to his mother, except a hundred guineas to his cousin to buy a mourning ring. That over, and some other arrangements completed, he repaired with a heart that smote him at every step, to his mother's bed side, for it was night, and the old lady besides scarce ever left her bed. The unusual fervor of his embraces, together with momentary fits of absence, might have challenged observation and suspicion, but they did not. He told me afterwards that the anguish he suffered, while repeating and going through the customary evening adieus to his mother and cousin, might have atoned for years of guilt!

After a nearly sleepless night, Beauchamp rose about five o'clock, and dressed himself. On quitting his room perhaps the last time he should quit it alive, he had to pass by his mother's door. There he fell on his knees and continued with clasped hands and closed eyes, till his smothering emotions warned him to be gone. He succeeded in getting out of the house without alarming any one, and muffled in his cloak, made his way as fast as possible to Sir Edward Streighton's. It was a miserable morning. The untrodden snow lay nearly a foot deep on the streets, and was yet fluttering fast down. Beauchamp found it so fatiguing to *plunther* on through the deep snow, and was so benumbed with cold, that he called a coach. He had great difficulty in rousing the driver, who, spite of the bitter inclemency of the weather, was sitting on his box, poor fellow, fast asleep, and even snoring—a complete hillock of snow, which lay nearly an inch thick upon him.—How Beauchamp envied him!—the very horses, too, lean and scraggy as they looked—fast asleep—how he envied *them!*

It was nearly six o'clock, when Beauchamp reached Sir Edward's residence. The Baron was up and waiting for him.

"How d'ye do, Beauchamp—how d'ye do!—how the d—— are you to fight in such a fog as this?" he inquired, looking through the window and shuddering at the cold.

"It must be managed, I suppose. Put us as close as you like," replied Beauchamp, gloomily.

"I've done all in my power, my dear fellow, to settle matters amicably, but 'tis in vain, I'm afraid. You *must* exchange shots, you know—I have no doubt however" he continued with a significant smile, "that the thing will be properly conducted. *Life is valuable, Beauchamp!* You understand me?"

"It is *not* to me—I hate Apsley as I hate hell."

"My God, Beauchamp! What a bloody humour you have risen in!" exclaimed the baron with an anxious smile. He paused as if for an answer, but Beauchamp continued silent. "Ah, then, the sooner to business the better. And hark'ee, Beauchamp," said Sir Edward briskly, "have your wits about you, for Apsley, let me tell you, is a splendid shot."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Beauchamp, smiling bitterly. He felt cold from head to foot, and even trembled; for a thousand fond thoughts gushed over him. He felt faint, and would have asked for a glass of wine or spirits, but after Sir Edward's last remark, that was out of question. It might be misconstrued!

They were on the ground by seven o'clock. It had ceased snowing, and in its stead a small drizzling rain was falling. The fog continued so dense as to prevent their seeing each other, distinctly at a few rods distance. This puzzled the parties not a little, and threatened to interfere with the[illegible]

[illegible]

"How was he?" faintly inquired Miss Beauchamp, who was sitting beside the fire, her face buried in her hands and her elbows resting on her knees. [illegible]

[illegible]

grand finishing stroke has yet to descend—my misery awaits its climax."

"Why, what can you mean, my dear sir? nothing new has been elicited."

"Doctor," he replied gloomily, "I'll tell you something. I feel I ought to die!"

"Why, Mr. Beauchamp?" I inquired with surprise.

"Ought not he to die who is at heart a murderer?" he inquired.

"Assuredly."

"Then I am such a one. I MEANT to kill Apsley. I prayed to God that I might. I would have shot breast to breast, but I would have killed him and rid the earth of such a ruffian," said Beauchamp rising, with much excitement, from his chair, and walking hurriedly to and fro. I shuddered to hear him make such an avowal, and continued silent. I felt my color changed.

"Are you shocked, Doctor?" he inquired; pausing abruptly, and looking me full in the face. "I repeat it," clenching his fist, "I would have perished eternally to gratify my revenge. So would you," he continued, "if you had suffered as I have." With the last words he elevated his voice to a high key, and his eye glanced on me like lightning, as he passed and repassed me.

"How can we expect the mercy we will not show?" I inquired mildly.

"Don't mistake me doctor," he resumed, without answering my last question, "it is not death I dread, disturbed as I appear, but only the mode of it. Death I covet, as a relief from life, which has grown hateful; but great heaven, to be hung like a dog!"

"Think of hereafter!" I exclaimed.

"Pshaw! I'm past thoughts of that. Why did not God keep me from the snares into which I have fallen?"

At that moment came a letter from Sir Edward Streighton. When he recognised the superscription he threw it down on the table, exclaiming, "There! This is the first I have heard from this accomplished scoundrel, since the day I killed Apsley." He opened it, a scowl of fury and contempt on his brow, and read the following flippant and unfeeling letter:—

"Dear Brother in the bonds of blood!

"My right trusty and well beloved comrade, and thine—Hillier, and thy unworthy E. S., intend duly to take our stand beside thee, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, in the dock of the Old Bailey, as per recognisances. Be not thou cast down, O my soul! but throw thou fear unto the dogs! There's never a jury in England will convict us, even though, as I hear, that bloody-minded old —— is to try us! We've got a good fellow, (on reasonable terms, considering,) to swear he happened to be present, and that we put you up at forty paces! and that he heard you tender an apology to Apsley! The sweet convenient rogue!!! What think you of that, dear Beau?

"Yours ever—but not on the gallows.

"EDW. STREIGHTON."

"P. S. I wish Apsley, by the way, poor devil! had paid me a trifling hundred or two he owed me before going home. But he went in a hurry, 'tis true. Catch me ever putting up another man before asking him if he has any debts unprovided for!"

"There, there, Doctor!" exclaimed Beauchamp, flinging the letter on the floor, and stamping on it, "ought not I go out of the world, for allowing such a fellow as this to lead me the dance of ruin?"

I shook my head.

"Oh, did you but know the secret history of the last six months," he continued, bitterly, "the surpassing folly—the black ingratitude—the villanies of all kinds with which it was stained, you would blush to sit in the same room with me! Would it not be so?"

"Come, come, Mr. Beauchamp, you are raving!" I replied, giving him my hand, while the tears half blinded me, for he looked the picture of contrition and hopelessness.

"Well, then," he continued, eyeing me steadfastly, "I may do what I have often thought of. You have a kind considerate heart, and I will trust you. By way of the heaviest penance I could think of—but alas! how unavailing! I have employed the last week in writing my short but wretched history. Read it, and curse as you go on, my folly, my madness, nay villany! I've often laid down my pen, and wept aloud, while writing it; and yet the confession has eased my heart. One thing, I think, I will see plainly—that all along I have been the victim of some deep diabolical conspiracy. Those two vile fellows who will stand beside me to-morrow in the dock, like evil spirits, and the monster I have killed, have been the main agents throughout. I'm sure something will, ere long, come to light, and show you I am speaking the truth. Return it me," he continued, taking a packet from the table drawer, sealed with black, "in the event of my acquittal, that I may burn it; but if I am to die, do what you will with it. Even if the world know of it, it cannot hurt me in the grave, and it may save some from *Hazard* and *Rouge et Noir!* Horrible sounds!"

I received the packet in silence, promising him to act as he wished.

"How will my mother—how will Ellen get over to-morrow? Heaven have them in its holy keeping! My own heart quails at to-morrow! I must breathe a polluted atmosphere; I must stand on the precise spot which has been occupied by none but the vilest of my species; I shall have every eye in court fixed upon me; some with horror, others detestation—and some, *pity*—which is worse than either. I must stand between two that I can never look on as other [illegible] turn of my face will be noted down, and paragraphed all over the kingdom with severe, possibly insulting comments. Good God! how am I to bear it all?"

"Have you prepared your defence, Mr. Beauchamp?" I inquired. He pointed languidly to several sheets of foolscap, full of scorings out, and said with a sigh, "I'm afraid it is labour lost. I can say little or nothing. I shall not be even for my life! I have yet to finish it."

"Dont, then, let me keep you from it! May God bless you, my dear sir, and send you an acquittal to-morrow! What shall I say to your mother—to Miss Beauchamp, if I see them to night?"

His eyes glistened with tears; he trembled, shook his head, and whispered, "what can be said to them?"

I shook him fervently by the hand. As I was quitting the door, he beckoned me back.

"Doctor," he whispered, in a shuddering tone, "there is to be an *execution* to-morrow! Five men will be hanged within ten yards of me! I shall hear them, in the night, putting up the—gallows!"

The memorable morning, (for such it was even to me) at length dawned. The whole day was raw, cold, and foggy, as if the elements, even, had combined to depress hearts already prostrated. After swallowing a hasty breakfast, I set off for the Old Bailey, calling for a few minutes, on Mrs. Beauchamp as I had promised her. Poor old lady! She had not slept [illegible] and when I entered the room [illegible] hands clasped together, and her eyes closed, listening to one of the church prayers, which her niece was reading to her. I sat down in silence; and when the low tremulous voice of Miss Beauchamp had ceased, I shook her cold hand, and took my seat by her aunt. I pushed the curtain aside that I might see her distinctly. Her features looked ghastly. What seven weeks grief had wrought there!

"I don't think I shall live through this dreadful day," said she. "I feel every thing dissolving within me! I am deadly sick every moment; my heart flutters as if it were [illegible] and my limbs have little in them more than a corpse. Ellen has my sweet love! she is as bad, and yet she conquers it, and attends me like an angel!"

"Be of good heart, my dear madam," said I, "matters are by no means desperate. This evening—I'll stake my life for it—you will have your son in your arms!"

"He[illegible]" sobbed the old lady, clasping her hands, while a faint [illegible] broke from her colorless lips.

"Well, I must leave you, for I am going to hear the opening of the trial. I promised your son as much last night."

"How was he?" faintly inquired Miss Beauchamp, who was sitting beside the fire, her face buried in her hands and her elbows resting on her knees. The [illegible] eyes of her aunt also asked me the question, though her lips spoke not. I assured them he was not in worse spirits than I had seen him; and that I left him preparing his defence.

"The Lord God of his fathers bless him and deliver him!" groaned Mrs. Beauchamp. As, however, time passed, and I wished to look in on one or two patients in my way, I began to think of leaving, though I scarce knew how. I enjoined them to keep constantly by Mrs. Beauchamp a glass of brandy and water, with half a teaspoonful of laudanum in it, that she or her niece might drink it whenever they felt a sudden faintness come over them. For further security, I had also stationed for the day, in her bed room, a young medical friend, who might pay her constant attention. Arrangements had been made, I found, with the attorneys, to report the progress of the trial every hour, by four regular runners.

Shaking both the ladies off, *mutually* by the hand, I set off. After seeing the patients I spoke of, I hurried on to the Old Bailey. It was striking ten by St. Sepulchre's clock when I reached that gloomy street. The rain was pouring down in drenching showers. I passed by the scaffolds, which they were taking down, and on which five men had been executed only two hours before. Horrid sight! The whole of the street along the sessions' house was covered with straw, thoroughly soaked with wet [illegible] my carriage wheels rolled along it noiselessly. I felt my color leaving me, and my heart sinking fast, as I descended and entered the area before the court house, which was occupied with many anxious groups conversing together, heedless of the rain, and endeavoring to get admittance into the court. The street entrance was crowded; and it was such a silent, gloomy crowd as I never before saw. I found the trial had commenced—so I made my way instantly to the counsel's benches. The court was crowded to suffocation; and among the spectators I recognised several of the nobility. Three prisoners stood in the dock all of gentlemanly appearance; and the strong startled light thrown on them from the mirror over head gave their sickened faces a ghastly hue. How vividly is that group, even at this distance of time before my eyes! On the right hand side stood Sir Edward Streighton, dressed in military style, with a black stock, and his blue frock coat, with velvet collar, buttoned up close to his neck. Both his hands rested on his walking stick; and his head, bent a little on one side, was attentively directed towards the counsel for the crown, who was stating the case to the jury. Hillier leaned against the left hand side of the dock, his arms folded over his breast; and his stern features, clouded with anxiety [illegible] into a frown, as he [illegible] the strong terms in which his conduct was being described by the counsel. Between these [illegible] Beauchamp [illegible] He was dressed in black, with a full black stock, in the centre of which [illegible] a dazzling speck of diamond. Both his hands leaned upon the dock, on which stood a glass of spring water, and his face was turned full towards the judge. The [illegible] of melancholy composure [illegible] and wonderful sympathy. How [illegible] his mother and cousin! There was, how[illegible]

own valet confidentially to the valet of Beauchamp, communicating to him the dreadful situation of his master, and telling him to break it as he could to his friends. The valet instantly set off for the field of death, not, however, without apprising by his terrified movements, his fellow servants that something terrible had happened. He found a few people still standing on the fatal spot, from whom he learned that his master had been conveyed a few minutes before to the —— Street Office, whither he repaired as fast as a hackney coach could carry him. When he arrived, an officer was endeavoring to rouse Mr. Beauchamp from his stupor, by forcing on him a little brandy and water, in which he partly succeeded. Pale and breathless, the valet rushed through the crowd of officers and people about the door, and flung himself at his master's feet, wringing his hands and crying, "Oh master!—dear master!—What have you done? You'll kill your mother!" Even the myrmidons of justice seemed affected at the poor fellow's anguish; but his unhappy master only stared at him vacantly, without speaking. When he was conducted into the presence of the magistrate, he was obliged to be supported with a chair; for he was overcome, not only by the horrible dilemma to which he had just brought himself, but his spirits and health were completely broken down, as well by his recent illness as the wasting anxieties and agonies he had endured for months past. The brother of Apsley was present, raving like a madman; and he pressed the case vehemently against the prisoner. Bail was offered, but refused; and Beauchamp was eventually committed to Newgate to take his trial at the next Old Bailey Sessions. Sir Edward Streighton and Hillier surrendered in the course of the day, but were liberated on their own heavy recognisances, and two sureties each in a thousand pounds, to appear and take their trial at the Old Bailey.

But what tongue can tell, what pen describe the maddening horrors—the despair of the mother and the betrothed bride? Not mine! Their sorrows shall be sacred for me.

——"For not to me belongs,
To sound the mighty sorrows of thy breast,
But rather far off stand, with head and hands
Hung down, in tearful sympathy. Thy ark of grief
Let me not touch, presumptuous.

To keep up, however, in some degree, the *continuity* of this melancholy narrative, I shall state, merely that I, who was called in to both mother and niece, a few minutes after the news had smitten them like the stroke of lightning to the earth—wondered, was even confounded—to find either of them survive it, or retain a glimpse of reason. The conduct of Ellen Beauchamp ennobled her, in my estimation, into something above humanity. She succeeded, at length, in overmastering her anguish and agitation, in order that she might minister to her afflicted aunt, in whose sorrow all consciousness or appreciation of her own seemed to have merged. For a whole week Mrs. Beauchamp hovered, so to speak, about the open door of death, held back, apparently, only by a sweet spirit of sympathy and consolation—her niece! The first words she distinctly articulated, after many hours spent in delirious muttering, were, "I will see my son—I will see my son!"—It was not judged safe to trust her alone without medical assistance for at least a fortnight. Poor Pritchard, for several nights, slept outside her bedroom door.

The first twenty-four hours of Beauchamp's incarceration in Newgate were horrible. He, who on such slight temptation had beggared himself, and squandered away in infamy the fortunes of his fathers; who had broken the hearts of his doating mother—his betrothed wife; who had murdered A MAN—was now ALONE!—alone in the sullen gloom of a prison.

The transaction above detailed, made much noise in London; and disguised as it here is, in respect to names, dates, and places, there must be many who will recollect the *true facts*. There is ONE, whose heart these pages will wither while he is reading!

Most of the journals, influenced by the vindictive misrepresentations of Apsley's brother, gave a most distorted version of the affair, and presumptuously anticipating the decrees of justice, threw a gloomy hue over the prospects of the prisoner. He would certainly be convicted of *murder*, they said, executed, and dissected! The judges were or ought to be resolved to put down duelling, and never was there a more fitting opportunity for making a solemn example, &c. &c. One of the papers gave dark hints, that on that day of trial, some extraordinary and inculpating disclosures would be made concerning the events which led to the duel.

Mrs. Beauchamp made three attempts during the third week of her son's imprisonment, to visit him, but in each instance fainted on being lifted into the carriage; and at length desisted, on my representing the danger which attended her attempts. Her niece, also, seemed more dead than alive, when she accompanied her aunt. Pritchard, however, the faithful, attached Pritchard, often went to and fro between Newgate and the house where Mrs. Beauchamp lodged, two or three times a day, so that they were thus enabled to keep up a constant but sorrowful correspondence. Several members of the family had hurried up to London, the instant they received intelligence of the disastrous circumstances above detailed, and it was well they did. Had it not been for their affectionate interference, the most lamentable consequences might have been anticipated to mother, niece, and son. I, also, at Mrs. Beauchamp's pressing instance, called several times on her son, and found him, on each visit, sinking into deeper and [illegible] wretched reality and extent of his misery. Many a time, when I entered his room, which was the most comfortable the governor could supply him—I found him seated at the table, with his head buried in his arms; and I was sometimes obliged to shake him, in order that I might arouse him from his lethargy. Even then he could be seldom drawn into conversation. When he spoke of his mother and cousin, it was with an apathy which affected me more than the most passionate lamentations.

I brought him one day a couple of white winter roses from his mother and Ellen, telling him that they were sent as pledges of love and hope. He snatched them out of my hands, kissed them, and buried them in his bosom, saying, "Lie you *there*, emblems of innocence, and blanch this black heart, if you can!" I shall never forget the expression, nor the stern and gloomy manner with which it was uttered. I sate silent for some minutes.

"Doctor, Doctor," said he, hastily, placing his hands on his breast, "they are—I feel they are thawing my frozen feelings! they are softening my hard heart! Oh God, merciful God, I am becoming *human* again!" He looked at me with an eagerness and vivacity to which he had long been a stranger. He extended to me both his hands, I clasped them heartily, and he burst into tears. He wept aloud and long.

"The light of eternal truth breaks in upon me! Oh my God, hast thou then not forgotten me?" He fell down on his knees, and continued, "Why, what a wretch—what a monster have I been?" He started to his feet. "Ah, ha! I've been in the lion's den, and am plucked out of it!" I saw that his heart was overburdened, and his head not yet cleared. I said therefore little, and let him go on by his bad sorts.

"Why, I've been all along in a dream! Henry Beauchamp! In Newgate! On a charge of *murder!*—Frightful!" He shuddered. "And my mother—my blessed mother!—where—how is she? Her heart bleeds—but no—no—no, it is not broken!—and *Ellen*—Ellen—Ellen?"—After several short, choking sobs he burst again into a torrent of tears. I strove to soothe him, but "he would not be comforted." "Doctor, say nothing to console me!—Don't, don't, or I shall go mad! Let me feel all my guilt; let it crush me!"

My time being expired, I rose and bade him adieu. He was in a [illegible], as if he were striving, with painful effort, to propose some subject to his thoughts—to keep some object before his mind—but could not. I promised to call again between then and the day of his trial, which was but a week off.

The excruciating anxiety endured by those unhappy ladies, Mrs. Beauchamp and her niece, as the day approached which the life or death of one in whom both their souls were bound up, must be decided on, defies description. I never saw a creature so [illegible]. To look on the settled pallor—the [illegible] features—the quivering limbs of Mrs. Beauchamp—was heart breaking. She seemed like one in the palsy. All the soothing, as well as strengthening medicines, which all my experience could suggest, were rendered unavailing by such a "mind diseased," to "raze" which "a written sorrow from the brain." Ellen, too, was wasting by her side in a mere shadow. She had written letter after letter to her cousin, and the only answer she received was—

"Cousin Ellen! How can you, how dare you write to such a wretch as—Henry Beauchamp?"

These two lines almost broke the poor girl's heart. What was to become of her? Had she clung to her cousin through guilt and through shame, and did he now refuse to love her, or receive her proffered sympathy? She never wrote again to him, till her aunt implored, nay, commanded her to write, for the purpose of inducing him to see them if they called. He refused. He was inflexible. Expostulation was useless. The request sent poor Pritchard, who had undertaken to plead her cause, [illegible] from his room. Whether he dreaded the effects of such an interview on the shattered system of the wretched frame of his mother and cousin, or feared that his own fortitude would be overpowered, or debarred himself of their sweet but sorrowful society, by way of penance, I know not, but he returned an unwavering denial to every such application. I think the last mentioned was the motive which actuated him; for I said to him on one occasion, "Well, but Beauchamp, suppose your mother should die before you have seen her, and received her forgiveness?" He replied sternly, "Well, I shall have deserved it." I could account for his feelings, without referring them to sullenness or obstinacy. His heart [illegible] the unceasing lashes of remorse. "My mother [illegible] to me," "It would kill my mother to see me here! She shall never die in a prison!"

The day previous to his trial I called upon him pursuant to my promise. The room was full of counsellors and attorneys; and numerous papers were lying on the table, which a clerk was beginning to gather up into a bag when I entered. They had been holding their final consultation, and all their countenances [illegible] than I had seen him for some days. The counsel [illegible] had been retained, spoke, by his [illegible] of the expected issue of the trial, and [illegible] do the [illegible] also that [illegible] Beauchamp [illegible] and [illegible] had [illegible] tried [illegible] resolved to [illegible] convict."

[illegible]

ed my attention, and has remained with me ever since. Just beneath the witness box, there was a savage face fixed upon the counsel, gloating upon his exaggerated violence of tone and manner. It was Mr. Frederick Apsley, the relentless prosecutor. I never saw such an impersonation of malignity. On his knees lay his fists, clenched and quivering with irrepressible fury; and the glances he occasionally cast towards the prisoners were absolutely fiendish.

The counsel for the prosecution distorted and aggravated every occurrence on the fatal night of the quarrel. Hillier and Streighton as he went on exchanged confounded looks, and muttered between their teeth—but Beauchamp seemed unmoved; even when the counsel seriously asserted he should be in a condition to prove that Beauchamp came to the house of the deceased with the avowed intention of provoking him into a duel; that he had been attempting foul play throughout the evening; and that the cause of inveteracy against the deceased, was the deceased having won considerably.

"Did this quarrel originate then, in a gaming house?" inquired the judge sternly.

"Why—yes, my lord—it did, undoubtedly."

"Pray, are the parties professed gamblers?"

The counsel hesitated. "I do not exactly know what your lordship means by *professed* gamblers, my lord."

"Oh!" exclaimed the judge significantly, "go on—go on, sir." I felt shocked at the virulence manifested by the counsel; and I could not help suspecting him of uttering the grossest falsehoods, when I saw all three of the prisoners involuntarily turn toward one another, and lift up their hands with amazement. As his address seemed likely to continue much longer, profound as was the interest I felt in the proceedings, I was compelled to leave. I stood up for that purpose, and to take a last look at Beauchamp, when his eye suddenly fell upon me. He started—his lips moved—he looked at me anxiously—gave me a hurried bow, and resumed the attentive attitude in which he had been standing.

I hurried away to see my patients, several of whom were in most critical circumstances. Having gone through most on my list, and being in the neighbourhood, I stepped in to see how Mrs. Beauchamp was going on. When I entered her bedroom, after tapping gently at the door, I heard a hurried feeble voice exclaim, "There! there! who is that?" It was Mrs. Beauchamp, who endeavored, but in vain, to raise herself up in bed, while her eyes stared at me with an expression of wild alarm, which abated a little on seeing who I was. She had mistaken me, I found, for the hourly messenger. I sat down beside her. Several of her female relatives were in the room—a pallid group—having arrived soon after I had left.

"Well, my dear madam, and how are you now?" I inquired, taking the aged sufferer's hand in mine.

"I may be better, Doctor, but cannot be worse. Nature tells me the hour is come!"

"I am happy to see you so well—so affectionately attended in these trying circumstances," said I, looking around the room. She made me no reply, but moaned—"Oh! Henry, Henry, Henry!—I would to God you had never been born! Why are you thus breaking the heart that always loved you so fondly!" She shook her head, and the tears trembled through her closed eyelids. Miss Beauchamp, dressed in black, sat at the foot of the bed, speechless, her head leaning against the bed post, and her pale face directed towards her aunt.

"How are you, my dear Miss Beauchamp?" inquired I. She made me no answer, but continued looking at her aunt.

"My sweet love!" said her mother, drawing her chair to her, and proffering her a little wine and water, "Doctor —— is speaking to you. He asks you how you are." Miss Beauchamp looked at me, and pressed her white hand upon her heart, without speaking. Her mother looked at me significantly, as if she begged I would not ask her niece any more questions, for it was evident she could not bear them. I saw several slips of paper lying on a vacant chair beside the bed. They were the hourly billets from the Old Bailey. One of them was, "12 o'clock, O. B. Not quite so discouraging. Our counsel can't make much impression in examination. Judge seems rather turning against prisoner."

"1 o'clock, O. B. Nothing particular since last note. Prisoner very calm and firm."

"2 o'clock, O. B. Still going on as in last."

"3 o'clock, O. B. Mr. Beauchamp just read his defence. Made favorable impression on the court. Many in tears. Acknowledged himself ruined by play. General impression, prisoner victim of conspiracy."

Such were the hourly annunciations of the progress of the trial, forwarded by the attorneys, in whose handwriting each of them was. The pausing suspense in which the intervals between the receipt of each was passed, and the trepidation with which they were opened and read; no one daring scarce to touch them but Mr. ——, the medical attendant, cannot be described. Mr. M—— informed me that Mrs. Beauchamp had been wandering deliriously, more or less, all day; and that the slightest noise in the street, like hurrying footsteps, spread dismay through the room, and nearly drove the two principal sufferers frantic. Miss Beauchamp, I found, had been twice in terrible hysterics, but with marvellous self possession, rarely left the room when she felt them coming on, and retired to the farthest part of the house. While Mr. M—— and I were conversing in a low whisper near the fire place, a heavy, but muffled knock at the street door, announced the arrival of another express from the Old Bailey. Mrs. Beauchamp [illegible] and read aloud:—

"4 o'clock, O. B. Judge summing up. Seems to me a little unfavorable to prisoner. Don't *think*, however, prisoner will be *capitally* convicted." Within this slip was another, which was from Beauchamp himself, and addressed—

"Sweet loves! Courage! The crisis approaches. I am not in despair! God is merciful! May he bless you for ever and ever, my mother, my Ellen!—H. B."

The gloomy tenor of the last billets—for we could not conceal them from either, as they insisted on seeing them after we had read them—excited Mrs. and Miss Beauchamp almost to frenzy. It was heart-rending to see them both shaking in every muscle, and uttering the most piteous moans. I resolved not to quit them till the event was known one way or another, and dismissed Mr. M——, begging him to return home with the carriage, and inform my wife that I should not dine at home. I then begged that some refreshment might be brought in, ostensibly for my dinner, but really to give me an opportunity of forcing a little nourishment on my patients. My meal, however, was scanty and solitary; for I could scarcely eat myself, and could not induce any one else to touch food.

"This must be a day of fasting!" sighed Mrs. Beauchamp; and I desisted from the attempt.

"Mrs. Beauchamp," inquired her sister in law, "would you like to hear a chapter in the Bible read to you?"

"Y—e—yes!" she replied eagerly, "let it be the parable of the *prodigal son*; and perhaps 19. —— will read it to us!"

What an affecting selection! Though it might serve to occupy their minds for a short time, I commenced reading it, but not very steadily or firmly. The relieving tears gushed forth freely from Mrs. Beauchamp, and every one in the room, as I went on with that most touching, beautiful, and appropriate parable. When I had concluded, and amidst a pause of silent expectation, another billet was brought:

"5 o'clock, O. B. Judge still summing up with great pains. Symptoms of leaning towards the prisoner."

Another agitating hour elapsed, here I [illegible] and a breathless messenger brought a sixth billet:

"6 o'clock, O. B. Jury retired to consider verdict—been absent half an hour. Rumored in court that two hold out against the rest—not known on which side."

After the reading of this [illegible], which Mrs. Beauchamp did not ask to see, she [illegible] her shaking hands to heaven, and seemed lost in an agony of prayer. After a few minutes spent in this way, she gasped almost inaudibly, "Oh! Doctor, read once more the parable, but begin at the twentieth verse." I took the bible in my hands and tremulously read—

"And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. * * * And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry:

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry."

The breathless silence in which my trembling voice was listened to, was broken by the sound of a sordid bustle in the street beneath, and the noise of some one rushing up the stairs. We scarce breathed. The sound increased. Miss Beauchamp slowly dropped on her knees beside the bed, and buried her ashy face in the clothes. The noise outside increased; voices were heard; and at length a short loud "huzza!" was audible.

"There! I told you so! He is free! My son is acquitted!" exclaimed Mrs. Beauchamp, sitting in an instant upright in bed, stretching her arms upward, and clapping her hands in ecstacy. Her features were lit up with a glorious smile. She pushed back her dishevelled grey hair, and [illegible] her eyes and ears, and stretched forward her hands as if to catch sounds.

Then was heard the sound of footsteps rapidly ascending the stairs; the door was knocked at, and before I could reach it for the purpose of preventing any sudden irruption—in rushed the old steward, frantic with joy, waving his hat over his head.

"NOT GUILTY!—NOT GUILTY!—NOT GUILTY! my lady!" he gasped, all in a breath, in defiance of my cautioning movements. "He's coming! he's coming! he's coming! my lady!" Miss Beauchamp rose to her feet, on the floor, with a faint scream, and was carried out of the room in a swoon.

Mrs. Beauchamp again clasped her hands. Her son rushed into the room, flung himself at her feet, and threw his arms around her. For several moments he locked her in his embraces, kissing her with convulsive fondness. "My mother! my own mother!—Your son!" he gasped; but she heard him not. She had expired in his arms!

To proceed on with my narrative, after recounting such a lamentable catastrophe, is like conducting a spectator to the deathbed scene, after the day of battle. All in the once happy family of Beauchamp, was thenceforth sorrow, sickness, broken heartedness and death. As for the unhappy Beauchamp, he was released from the horrors of a prison only to "turn his [illegible] to the wall," in a lingering, languishing fever of sickness, which he could not quit, and to follow the poor remains of his mother to their final resting place [illegible] He was not only confined to his bed, but wholly [illegible] the time of the burial, for a [illegible] state of mind of [illegible] Ellen Beauchamp [illegible] The reader cannot be surprised that such love and [illegible] should have [illegible] Her [illegible] After [illegible] dear girl! She gave me a little [illegible] ring as a keepsake, the day she [illegible] and entrusted to me

a rich diamond ring, to give to her cousin Henry; "it is too large now for my fingers," said she, with a sigh, as she dropped it into my hand, from her wasted finger! "Tell him," said she, "as soon as you consider it safe, that my love is his—my whole heart! and though we may never meet on this side of the grave, let him wear it to *think* of me, and hope for happiness hereafter!" These were among the last words that sweet young woman ever spoke to me.

* * * * * * *

As the reader possibly may think he has been long enough detained among these sorrowful scenes, I shall draw them now to a close, and omit much of what I had set down for publication.

Mr. Beauchamp did not once rise from his bed during two months, the greater part of which time was passed in a state of stupor. At other periods he was delirious, and raved dreadfully about scenes with which the manuscript he committed to me in prison had made me long and painfully familiar. He loaded himself with the heaviest curses for the misery he occasioned his mother and Ellen. He had taken it into his head that the latter was also dead, and that he had attended her funeral. He was not convinced to the contrary, till I judged it safe to allow him to open a letter she addressed to him, under cover to me. She told how she thought she was "getting strong again," and that if he would still accept her heart and hand, in the event of his recovery, they were his unchangeably. Nothing contributed so much to Beauchamp's recovery as this letter. With what fond transports did he receive the ring Ellen had intrusted to my keeping.

His old steward, Pritchard, after accompanying his venerated lady's remains into the country, returned immediately to town, and scarce ever left his master's bedside. His officious affection rendered the office of the valet a comparative sinecure. Many were the pique and heart burnings between these two zealous and emulous servants of an unfortunate master, on account of one usurping the other's duty!

One of the earliest services that old Pritchard rendered his master, as I was told him in writing, was to point out who had been the "serpent in his path"—the crafty—the deliberate, diabolical designer of his ruin—in the person of his tutor! The shock of this discovery rendered Beauchamp speechless for the remainder of the day.—"Strange and wise are the ways of Providence!" How does the reader suppose the discovery of these matters were brought about? Sir Edward Streighton, who had got into his hands the title deeds of one of the estates out of which he and his scoundrel companions had swindled Beauchamp, had been hardy enough—*quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*—to commence a court of law to possess his claim." In spite of the recent disclosures he pressed on to trial, when such a series of flagrant iniquities was developed, unexpectedly to all parties, as compelled Sir Edward, who was in court incognito, to slip away, and without ever returning home, embarked for the continent, and from thence to that common-sewer of England—America.* His papers were all seized under a judge's order, by Mr. Beauchamp's agents; and among them was found the letter addressed to him by Eccles, coolly commending his unsuspecting pupil to his attentions.

Under Beauchamp's order, the steward made a copy of the letter and enclosed it with the following lines, to the tutor, who had since contrived to gain a vicarage!

"To the Rev. Peter Eccles, Vicar of ——,

"Sir,

"A letter of which the following is a copy, has been discovered in your hand writing, among the papers of Sir Edward Streighton, and the same post which brings you this, encloses your own original letter, to Sir Edward, with all necessary explanations, to the bishop of your diocese.

"The monstrous perfidy it discloses will be forthwith made as public as the journals of the day can make it.

"THOMAS PRITCHARD,

Agent to Mr. Beauchamp."

What results attended the application to the bishop, and whether or not the concluding threat was carried into effect, *I have reasons for concealing*. There are those who do not need information on these points.

The first time that I saw Mr. Beauchamp down stairs, after his long, painful, dangerous illness, was in the evening of the July following. He was sitting in his easy chair, which was drawn close to a bow window, commanding an uninterrupted view of the setting sun. It was piteous to see how loosely his black clothes hung about him. If you touched any of his limbs, they felt like those of a skeleton, clothed with the vestments of the living. His long thin fingers seemed attenuated and blanched into more than feminine delicacy of size and hue. His face was shrunk and sallow; and his forehead bore the searings of a "scorching woe." His hair, naturally black as jet, was now of a sad, iron gray color; and his eyes were sunk, but full of vivid, though melancholy expression. The air of noble frankness, and cheerfulness which had hitherto graced his countenance, was fled for ever.

"I hope, Doctor, you'll excuse Mr. Pritchard continuing in the room with us. He's in the midst of important business," he continued, seeing the old man preparing to leave the room; "he is my *friend* now, as well as steward, and the [illegible], I may say, *only* friend I have left!" I entreated him not to mention the subject, and the faithful old steward [illegible] resumed his seat.

"Well," said Mr. Beauchamp, after answering the usual questions respecting his health, "I am not, after all, absolutely [illegible] in point of fortune. Pritchard has just been telling me that I have more than five thousand a year left," said Pritchard, "[illegible] a year start of the mark, and I'll *manage* it, by hook or by crook, and you—see if I don't!" Beauchamp smiled faintly. "You see, Doctor, Pritchard is determined to put the best face upon matters."

"Well, Mr. Beauchamp," I replied, "taking it even at the lower sum mentioned, I am sincerely rejoiced to find you so comfortably provided for." While I was speaking, the tears rose in his eyes, trembled there for a few moments, and then, spite of all his attempts to prevent them overflowed.

"What distresses you?" I inquired, taking his slender fingers in mine. When he had a little recovered himself, he replied with emotion, "am I not comparatively a beggar? Does it not strike you that Henry Beauchamp is a beggar? I have nothing now left but misery; houseless misery! Where shall I go, what shall I do, to find peace? Wherever I go, I shall carry a broken heart, and a consciousness that I deserved it! I—I—the murderer of two!"——

"*Two*, Mr. Beauchamp! What can you mean! The verdict of justice has solemnly acquitted you of murdering the miscreant Apsley; and who is the other is"——

"My mother! my poor, fond, doting mother! I have killed her! as certainly as I slew the guilty wretch that crossed me. My ingratitude pierced her heart, as my bullet his head! That it is which distracts, which maddens me! The one I might have borne; even the anguish I have occasioned my sweet forsaken Ellen, and the profligate destruction of the fortunes of my house!" I saw he was in one of the frequent fits of despondency to which he was latterly subject, and thought it best not to interrupt the strain of his bitter retrospections. I therefore listened to his self-accusations in silence.

"Surely you have reason for comfort and consolation in the [illegible], the increasing attachment of your cousin!" said I, after a melancholy pause.

"Ah, my God! It is that which drives the nail deeper! I cannot, cannot bear it! How shall I dare to wed her? To bring her to an impoverished house! the house of a ruined gamester, where she has a right to rule in the halls of our fathers! To hold out to her the arms of a murderer!" He paused abruptly; trembled, clasped his hands together, and seemed lost in a painful reverie.

"God has, after all, intermingled some sweets in the cup of sorrow you have drained; why cast them scornfully away, and dwell on the taste of the bitter?"

"Because my heart is disordered, my appetite is corrupted. I cannot now taste happiness. I know it not; the relish is gone for ever!"

* * * * * * *

"In what part of the country do you propose residing?" I inquired.

"I can never be received in English society again; and I will not remain here as a perpetual pillory, to be pointed at! I shall quit England for ever!"——

"You shan't though!" exclaimed the steward, bursting into tears, and rising from his chair, no longer able to command himself. "You shan't go!" he continued, wringing his hands, and fiercely snapping his fingers. "You shan't, no, you shan't, Master Beauchamp; though I say it that shouldn't! You shall trample on my old bones first!"

"Come, come, kind old man! Give me your hand!" exclaimed Mr. Beauchamp, affected by this hasty show of feeling on the part of his old tried servant. "Come, I won't go then, I won't!"

"Ah! point at you, point at you, did you say, sir? I'll [illegible] I won't do for any one that points at you, what was did for that scoun- Aps——"

"Hush, Pritchard!" said his master, rising from his chair and looking sternly at him.

The sun was fast withdrawing, and a portion of his large broad red disk was already dipped beneath the horizon. Is there a more touching or awful object in nature? We who were gazing at it, felt that there was not. All before us was calmness and repose. Beauchamp's kindling eye seemed as if he felt his soul sympathized with the scene.

"Doctor, Doctor," he exclaimed suddenly, "What has come to me? Is there a devil mocking me? Or is it an angel whispering that I shall yet be happy? May I listen, may I listen to it? He paused. His excitement increased. "O yes, yes! I feel intimately, I know I am reserved for happier days! God smiles on me, and my soul is once more warmed and enlightened!" An air of joy diffused itself over his features. I never before saw the gulf between despair and hope passed with such lightning speed! Was it returning delirium only?

"How can he enjoy happiness who has never [illegible] misery?" he continued uninterrupted by me. "And may he not most relish peace, who has been longest tossed in trouble? Who, who have I been despairing? Sweet, precious Ellen! I will write to you! We shall soon meet—we shall even be happy together! Pritchard," he exclaimed, turning abruptly to the listening steward, "What say you, will you be my major domo, eh? Will you be with us in the country, once again?"

"Ay, Master Beauchamp," replied Pritchard, crying like a child, "as long as these old eyes, and hands, and head ever serve you, they are yours! I'll be any thing you'd like to make me."

"There's a bargain then between you and me!" You [illegible]

[illegible]

* The magistrate, in [illegible], where this narrative is called [illegible] with unequalled effrontery, but [illegible] to England, till within the last very few [illegible] he tumbled into the grave, [illegible] The heart [illegible] with the dew with which we [illegible] misery.

me, Doctor Ellen will not cast me off; and old Pritchard will cling to me, why should I throw away happiness?"

"Certainly, certainly! There is much happiness before you"——

"The thought is transporting, that I shall soon leave the scenes of guilt and dissipation for ever, and breathe the fresh and balmy atmosphere of virtue once again! How I long for the time! Mother, will you watch over your prodigal son?" How little he thought of the affecting recollections he had called forth in my mind, by mentioning —*the prodigal son!*

I left him about nine o'clock, recommending him to retire to rest, and not expose himself to the cool of the evening. I felt excited myself, by the tone of our conversation, which, I suspected, however, had on his part, verged for [illegible] feelings. I had not such sanguine hopes for him, as he entertained for himself. I suspected that his constitution, however it might rally for a time from its present prostration, had received a shock, before which it must ere while fall.

About five o'clock the next morning, I and all my family were alarmed by one of the most violent and continued ringings and thunderings at the door I ever heard. On looking out of my bedroom window, I saw Mr. Beauchamp's valet below, wringing his hands, and stamping about the steps like one distracted.

Full of fearful apprehension I dressed myself in an instant and came down stairs.

"In the name of God, what is the matter?" I inquired, seeing him pale as ashes.

"Oh, my master! Come, come," he could get out no more. We both ran at a top speed to Mr. Beauchamp's lodgings. Even at that early hour there was an agitated group before the door. I rushed up stairs, and soon learnt all. About a quarter of an hour before, the family were disturbed by hearing Mr. Beauchamp's Newfoundland dog, which always slept at his master's bedroom door, howling, whining, and scratching against it. The valet and some one else came to see what was the matter. They found the dog trembling violently, his eyes fixed on the floor; and on looking down they saw blood flowing from under the door. The valet threw himself half frantic against the door, and burst it open, he rushed in and saw all! Poor Beauchamp, with a razor grasped in his right hand, was lying on the floor lifeless.

I never now hear of a young man, especially of fortune, frequenting the GAMING TABLE, but I think with a tear of Henry Beauchamp.

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

In your paper last week, Sir, a notice I find,
Designed, its express'd, to amuse the young mind;
To solve then the problem, this answer I venture,
And trust that you'll find it according to "*Gunter.*"

$\frac{3}{5}$ of $\frac{1}{4}$ of $\frac{3}{5}$ of $\frac{100}{1} = \frac{900}{100} = 9$ initial - N
$\frac{1}{3}$ of $\frac{12}{1} = \frac{12}{3} = 4 + 5 = 9$ " - O
$\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{2}{3}$ of $\frac{21}{1} = \frac{42}{6} = 7$ " - S
$\frac{3}{4}$ of $\frac{96}{1} = \frac{288}{4} = 72 + 8$ 80 " - E

NOSE.

These initials I see in due order to place—
Will name that most prominent part of the face;
Should this answer prove useful to any *Quid Nunc*,
Its insertion will please, yours. W. R. M**k.

Evening Post.

☞ Containing, perhaps, a larger amount of reading matter, than is furnished in any other paper; its weekly contents are written, selected and prepared expressly for this, and without reference to any other weekly or daily publication.

There were 123 deaths in this city last week —35 adults—88 children. Thirteen were from the Almshouse, and 4 were people of colour.—Of the whole number 16 were caused by consumption of the lungs, 15 by scarlet fever, 10 by convulsions, and 10 by measles.

Two numbers of a new religious paper, under the title of *The World, as it is, and as it should be*, are before us. They evince considerable editorial ability. The conductor, Mr. C. W. Denison, late editor of the Stonington Phœnix, is a chaste and energetic writer, and will no doubt succeed in throwing much interest into the columns of his paper. It is dedicated especially to the promulgation of the principles of the strict Baptists.

A new Post Office has been established in Coweta County, Georgia, called "Watson's," and Thomas Watson, Esq. appointed Postmaster.

The Postmaster General has also established a new Post Office in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, about thirty miles north of Harrisburg, called "Oak Dale." James Buchanan, Esq. has been appointed Postmaster.

The Antimasonic State Convention which organised at Harrisburg, last week, unanimously nominated Joseph Ritner, Esq. of Washington county, as a candidate for governor. One hundred and five delegates attended.

A joint resolution has passed the legislature of Indiana, requesting the president and directors of the United States Bank to establish one or more branches in that State.

The Brig Java, captain Osgood, was wrecked off the mouth of Nauset harbour, Cape Cod, on the 6th ult. Cargo was nearly all lost.

A Boston paper mentions that during the parade, on the 22d ult. a respectable lady was run over and instantly killed, by a horse and sleigh, the shafts of the latter having passed through her body. The horse became frightened by the report of cannon, at the time the artillery were firing a salute.

A correspondent, under date of Ghent, Ky., Feb. 16th, writes as follows:—"The Ohio River is now higher than it was ever seen before by the oldest settlers; and it is still rising fast. The water has undermined and destroyed much property. Several entire houses have passed down the river; large stacks of hay and grain are constantly passing; and frequently several thousand rails may be seen at the same time, floating down the stream. The damage sustained by the freshet is immense."

The corps of Washington Greys returned to this city on Tuesday, after an absence of about ten days. The members speak in the highest terms of the kind treatment they received at their several stopping places, and appear much pleased with their excursion. The corps was escorted into the city by the Philadelphia and National Greys, and the City Phalanx.

The New York passengers due here on Tuesday evening, did not arrive—says the Chronicle of Wednesday—until after nine o'clock, the next morning, owing to the boat having grounded on the Pennsylvania shore, about ten miles above the city, in a dense fog which prevailed. The passengers did not arrive at Trenton until about four o'clock, which made it impossible to reach the city before dark; and when they had come within eight or ten miles of the city, the night closed in, and one of the heaviest fogs arose that ever was witnessed on our waters. No land mark or star could be discerned through it, and it was determined, with the passengers' consent, to come to anchor. Having lain at anchor until near eleven o'clock, the fog for a while appeared to disperse, and steam was immediately raised in hopes of proceeding on without further hindrance; but shortly after they had got under weigh, the fog again thickened, and persevering to steer from memory, for some fifteen minutes, she stuck fast upon the flats just below Ten Mile Point, where the ebb tide left her stern out of water. The captain having made the best possible provisions for his passengers, manned the small boat and started for the city, where he procured another steamboat and returned to the spot, in which all arrived here in safety.

Much praise is given Captain Davis for his untiring exertions and indefatigable efforts to render the situation of the passengers as comfortable as possible. Between one and two hundred persons were on board the boat.

Extract to the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, dated

Washington City, 20th Feb. 1832.

The resolution of Mr. Clayton, from Georgia, on the subject of the U. S. Bank, occupied the House yesterday and to-day. In the Senate yesterday, Mr. Dallas, of your city, commenced his speech upon the tariff, and continued to-day. You have doubtless heard him speak in the courts of your city, and do not care about a description of his manner here. A short comparison with those who have preceded him in this debate, may not be uninteresting. He is, in Philadelphia, considered a strong man—but here his argument is considered more *graceful* than *powerful*. This is no disparagement to him. He is far superior to many here; but in comparison with Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, or Mr. Hayne, he suffers amazingly; any man that I ever saw will suffer in this comparison. The close reasoning—the overpowering eloquence—and the sweet music of the voice of Gen. Hayne, I have never heard surpassed. I should think Mr. Clay his equal, but not his superior. The calm and quiet dignity which marks Mr. Webster's every act in the senate, attracts the attention and admiration of all who see him. That deep reflection which marks his countenance, and that prudence which seems to control his every sentiment, secures him the undivided respect and esteem of all who know him; while that high and lofty tone of feeling which carries him above the little tricks of political manœuvres, excites the envy and the ire of *small folks*.

Mr. Calhoun might properly be called the strongest pillar of the republic. He seeks to conceal no sentiment—appears to feel no animosity towards those who traduce and abuse him; but seems carried entirely above all the political or private persecutions that may be directed at him. He is perhaps the plainest man in the city. While others, who may never arrive at half his eminence, are dashing in their carriages; you may see Calhoun, wrapt in an old cloak, trudging on to the capitol, through mud and mire, not appearing to know whether he is in sunshine or storm.

Since the rejection of Martin Van Buren, the people of this place, or rather the members of congress, appear to be peculiarly sensitive. Three or four duels have been expected. Indeed some two or three gentlemen, Mr. Webb particularly, tried very hard to get a fight. Within a day or two, public feeling has been a good deal excited by an occurrence which took place in the house of representatives between Messrs. Branch and White. Some very personal remarks were made, a good deal of angry feeling was manifested, and it was yesterday reported, that they had gone out of town to settle the matter. This report, however, was not true.

There no doubt will be something done, for they are both men of determined courage, and both are implicated in dishonor; but the perpetual raining with which we are troubled, will prevent it yet, for no one, I suspect, would like to stand in the rain to be shot at, much less shot down in the mud. And here, I think, I may point you to an evidence of the corruption and misrule which appears to be involving the destinies of the nation in doubt and uncertainty. Our men of high authority cannot meet together at the great council fire of the nation, without their personal feelings being disturbed, and their political interests touched; and the nation's interests must be neglected while we settle our personal difficulties at the pistol's mouth. We are every day unfolding the vices of each other, and every day discovering new springs of corruption—and we are every day neglecting the national weal, for the base purposes of *party*, or personal and political favoritism. You may see in all the affairs of the government—in all the officers, and all the institutions, the spirit of personal detraction and political advancement, pervading the whole; and when I look at the probable consequences of this much to be lamented situation of things, I fear that glorious sun of liberty, which rose and beamed so brightly on us, more than half a century ago, is destined, at a day not very distant, to sink below a gloomy horizon—and long, long and dreary will be the years, the ages, which will roll, before another *sun of liberty* shall rise, to dash away the gloomy vista which will hover round the land once trod by freemen—once bathed with patriotic blood.

In the House, yesterday, Mr. M'Duffie made a great speech on the Bank question. It is thought that notwithstanding the opposition to that institution, it will be rechartered with certain modifications.

I hope the Tariff will be modified and equalized. If the tariff men do not give way, and meet the Southern men on equal grounds, I have no idea that the South will ever be represented in Congress again. They will separate from the Union at once, and then, farewell to liberty.

The President's health appears to be evidently on the decline. I saw him a day or two since, and he was certainly feeble.

The Vice Presidency excites a great degree of interest with us. The President requests that Van Buren shall be nominated at Baltimore. If that is done, we shall have an excited election, and the choice of President will devolve on Congress.

Extract of a letter to the Editor, dated

Mobile, *Feb. 11*, 1832.

Dear Sir—There is no little excitement here this morning in consequence of the very sudden deaths of five young students. Some say they died of the East Indian Cholera; others that the disease is the cold plague. With one of the deceased I was well acquainted; he was a fine young fellow, universally beloved. He was taken about six o'clock yesterday morning, and died about ten last evening. The doctors pronounced the disease the billious cholic. I do not feel very pleasant under the circumstances, but should I be assured that any danger exists, I shall leave this place forthwith. I think if the Cholera does get into the [illegible] vessels are constantly arriving, and we have no quarantine regulations. Your's, &c.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Council of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, held on the 17th of February, the following premiums were awarded for fruits and vegetables exhibited to the Society during the past year—

The premium of two dollars, for the best Early Cabbage—to David Field.

The premium of two dollars, for the best Tomato—to Adam Price, of Burlington, N. J.

The premium of two dollars, for the best Artichokes—to the Gardener of J. J. Boise.

The premium of three dollars, for the best Cauliflowers—to James Oldham, the Gardener of George Pepper.

The premium of three dollars, for the best Strawberries—to Robert Scott.

The premium of two dollars, for the best Early Potatoes—to Jacob Engleman.

A premium of two dollars, for the best Early Cucumbers—to the Gardener of Joshua Longstreth.

The premium of three dollars, for the best Foreign Grapes—to Mrs. Elizabeth Spohn.

The premium of three dollars, for the best Native Grapes—to Aaron Quicksall, of Burlington, N. J. They were of the Elsinborough variety, and decidedly superior to any American Grape the Committee had ever tasted.

An honorary premium of two dollars, for Native Grapes—to Edward H. Bonsall, of Germantown.

The premium of three dollars, for the best Pears—to Samuel Davis, of Haverford Township.

An honorary premium of two dollars, for Pears—to J. B. Smith.

An honorary premium of two dollars, for Quinces—to Jacob Copia.

The premium of ten dollars, offered by the Society in April, 1829, "for the greatest quantity and best quality of Sea Kale, to be exhibited in the Philadelphia market in the year 1831"—to Alexander Parker.

C. PICKERING,
Rec. Secretary.

A gentleman who witnessed the Procession on Wednesday, states that the left or rear passed the corner of Sixth and Coates' street at 35 minutes past 3 o'clock. At 10 minutes past 3 o'clock the front or head of the procession passed the Coffee House. The distance, then, from Coates' and Sixth, by the course of the procession to Chesnut st. is as follows:

From Coates' and 6th to Callowhill,	2000 feet
" Callowhill up to 9th,	1350 do.
" 9th and Callowhill down to Arch,	1900 do.
" 9th and Arch up to 12th,	1275 do.
" 12th and Arch down to Chesnut,	1300 do.
" 12th and Chesnut down to 8th,	1800 do.
" 8th and Chesnut down to Walnut,	550 do.
" 8th and Walnut down to 5th,	1350 do.
" 5th and Walnut down to Christian,	3750 do.
" 5th and Christian down to 2d,	1450 do.
" 2d and Christian up to Chesnut,	4450 do.
	21,175 ft.

Equal to 4 miles and 55 feet.

On Monday, the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, in Committee of the whole, passed the appropriating sections of the improvement bill. The Intelligencer says:—

Mr. Heston's amendment making specific appropriations instead of one undivided sum for the completion of the works under contract, carried by a considerable majority. An ineffectual attempt was made to appropriate something like 97,000 dollars to the south western turnpikes, but an additional appropriation was inserted, appropriating 15,000 dollars to connect the north end or feeder with French creek, and 26,000 dollars to connect the west end with Conneaut Lake. The following appropriations for extension were stricken out.

West Branch Canal	68,000
North Branch Canal	100,000
Monongahela slack water	75,000
French creek Canal	100,000
Beaver Canal	100,000
	$443,000

The following are the appropriations in the bill as it now stands, having passed through the committee of the whole.

Philada. and Columbia Rail Road	810,000
Canal from Middletown and Columbia	38,000
Rail Road over the Allegheny	620,000
Juniata Canal	380,000
Beaver Canal	245,000
West Branch Canal	350,000
French creek Canal	215,000
French creek Feeder	41,000
North Branch Canal	137,000
For Repairs and Damages	300,000
	$3,136,000

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

Monday, Feb. 20.

Mr. Anthony, a watchman, informed the Recorder, (acting in the absence of the Mayor) that he had been called on last evening, to arrest several young men, who had been guilty of riotous behaviour, in an oyster cellar, in Market near Thirteenth.

Young, the keeper of the oyster cellar, deposed that the prisoners entered his cellar, with the apparent, though of course not avowed purpose, of doing mischief. They asked for something to eat; but he refused to give it them, as he anticipated they had no wish to pay. Suddenly they all lit their segars, and commenced smoking, and at such a furious rate, that the cellar was quickly full of smoke. He remonstrated, but they smoked the more, and even whiffed the smoke immediately under deponent's nose. Deponent said it was a shame to disturb a quiet citizen in that way, and begged them to go out of his cellar peaceably—but they would not. He then threatened them with a prosecution, to which one of the prisoners replied, that he had five hundred dollars to spare in a lawsuit. Finally the prisoners seized hold of all his scrubbies and threw them on the floor; they then ran up the stairs, and smashed through the door, breaking every light of glass in it.

The prisoners had many excuses to offer, but none calculated to exculpate them from these charges. None were willing to avow the mischief as exclusively his, consequently all were bound over in the sum of five hundred dollars, to answer a charge of riot at the next Mayor's Court.

One of the prisoners, when this business was settled, had a charge against Young of keeping a bawdy house; and another that he had sold liquor by the small without proper license. To sustain the first charge, a young gentleman, not connected with this prosecution, offered his testimony; and to prove the latter, a boy was produced who made oath that he had purchased liquor of Young, at the rate of three cents per glass.

Young was also bound over to Court, in heavy bail, to answer these implications.

Hugh Poe, a city constable, arrested a man last evening, having in his possession a lot of wet clothes, apparently just taken from a line, which he had been offering for sale. The bundle contained various aprons, ruffles, caps, &c., some of them marked "E. R." The prisoner, John Given, said he had obtained them from one Peggy Osborn, who requested him to sell them, and pay over the proceeds to her. The story being improbable and unsatisfactory, he was committed until the matter could be more fully investigated.

A Mr. Matthews, a Frenchman, utterly unable to articulate a word in our vocabulary, was brought up under a charge of intoxication. He had been found fast asleep in Filbert street. When asked the cause of this strange behaviour, he motioned that he had drank too much wine. He was fined and discharged.

Tuesday.—One of the western watchmen, while standing before his box, between 12 and 1 o'clock this morning, was informed by three countrymen, that a suspicious looking personage was prowling about their wagons in Market street; the watchman stepped over and found the prisoner playing the jewsharp to several horses. Deponent asked prisoner's name, and he replied, "*Major Fullerton, of the Pennsylvania Militia.*" Deponent asked the countrymen if they had any charge to allege against the Major, and they answered, No—that if he would go about his business the watchman might let him go; if he came back again they said they would horsewhip him.

The Major accordingly walked off, but in the course of an hour, he was observed dogging about the same place. The watchman, therefore thought proper to arrest him.

When before the Recorder, the Major stated that he arrived in the city last evening; that he stopped in a tavern, and took some refreshment, and then started off, to look for a lodging place, which he found some difficulty in finding. He had left Lancaster, he said, about three days ago. His regular residence is with his parents, near Columbia, in this State, where he follows farming. Being closely questioned, the Major appeared much confused, and either unable or unwilling to give a correct account of himself. He was detained for further examination, as a notice had been received from the Sheriff of Lancaster county, informing the police of this city, that eleven persons had escaped from the Lancaster jail, on the 23d ult. and he was presumed to be one of them.

Wednesday.—Captain Berger brought up this morning, a young girl, who had been committed to his care the evening previous, by several ladies in the vicinity of Sixth and Market streets. She stated her name to be Ann Fisher, and related to the Recorder the following circumstances:

As she was going from her work, about nine o'clock last evening, to her residence in College Avenue, she was accosted by a genteelly dressed man, who asked if he might accompany her. The girl made no reply, until he asked the question for the fourth time, when she desired him to let her pass unmolested. He persisted, however, in his intention, and at length took hold of her arm, and forced her along, in another direction from that she was going, up Sixth street. A few doors above Race, he endeavored to drag her into a strange house. Here she struggled violently to release herself from him; and some ladies observing the movement, came to her assistance, and the man ran away.

The Recorder placed her in the custody of a watchman to be taken home.

[When the watchman returned, it was ascertained that the principal part of Ann's story was a fabricated one.—Her mother's residence was not in College Avenue, but somewhere in Seventh street. She had, it appeared, recently been discharged from the service of a respectable lady, in consequence of her bad behaviour. Her mother [illegible] the Recorder to place her in the House of Refuge. The Recorder strongly admonished the girl on the impropriety of her conduct, and assured her that if he heard further complaints, she should be placed in custody.]

A watchman in whose beat is located the neighborhood of Fourth and Market street, deposed that on the morning of the 22d ult., as he was passing Mr. Hartley's paper warehouse, he discovered a light in the cellar. Looking through the window he noticed a huge black fellow sauntering about, as if seeking for something to lay his hands upon. He called to him, but on the instant the light was extinguished. Being now assured that all was not right, he sprung his rattle, and proceeded up the alley, where, from a back entrance into the cellar, he found the black fellow crawling out.

The springing of the rattle awakened Mr. Hartley, who, upon coming down, recognised the prisoner as one of several individuals he had employed the day before to clean his sink.

Davis, the black fellow, acknowledged he had no business in the cellar, though he strongly protested he had no idea of stealing. The Recorder thought that assertion exceedingly doubtful, and the prisoner was committed.

Frowart, a watchman, stated that about 12 o'clock, the night previous, he met three shabbily dressed men, in a glorious state of intoxication. Thinking their movements suspicious, he watched, and at length saw them enter an untenanted building in Water street near Walnut. In a short time after, he went in also, and found them rolling about the floor, which was strewed over with filth to the depth of several inches. He arrested them as vagrants.

Two young men were found quarrelling at the corner of Ninth and Spruce street, as a watchman was passing, about 12 o'clock. One held an umbrella, which the other claimed as his property. The watchman tried, but in vain, to settle the difference, and finally took them both to the watch-house. In the morning, Purdy, the one who insisted upon retaining the umbrella, said, in consequence of the owner wearing his hat slouched over his eye, he did not recognise him! They were both fined for intoxication.

Thursday.—Moses Costy, a lusty black fellow, was brought before the Recorder, this morning, for an assault and battery committed upon the person of Miller Thompson, his wife. The complainant stated that Moses was in the habit of coming to see her and his children occasionally, when he was done his work, (he lived out at service) on which occasions she generally gave him something to eat, in the shape of a nice tit bit, and a glass of switzel.—Last evening he came home as usual, but as she intended going out to work in the morning, she had nothing of the sort to give him, as she must leave all her provisions for her children. Moses liked not the disappointment, as his greedy appetite had been feeding, in anticipation, upon some delicious rarity, and he told Miller, that in truth he must have *something*. So he went straight to the provision closet, and commenced a search. Miller followed, and insisted that she was the mistress of her own house, and that Moses should not do as he pleased. Moses, then, in a fit of exasperation, put his dear and affectionate wife, Mrs. Miller Thompson, out into the street.

Miss Anna Maria Thompson, daughter of Mrs. Miller Thompson by a former husband, being called upon for her testimony, stepped up to the bar with the trepidation natural to a novice in a court of law, and after several essays, declared, in a style superlatively affected, that Moses was a very bad man indeed; he abused her terribly, and said bad words, very revolting to a delicate ear. He called her—(the most amiable creature this side the moon, and the most affectionate in existence)—a common nuisance, and a scoundrel. Her mortifying sensations at his low ways, completely, at times, overpowered her weak nerves, and she had, on more than one occasion, absolutely fainted with affright. She begged the Recorder to chide Moses severely for his rude behaviour.

Moses had great difficulty in keeping his tongue still while these things were said of him. At length, when the field was cleared, he commenced a speech, and for about fifteen minutes, he ran off in a lucid style, narrating the events of his life, for the past twenty years. We were able to understand an occasional word, and from the whole tenor of his discourse, we infer he wished to say something of this sort:—

That Mrs. Moses Miller Thompson, was a woman no better than she should be, and that Miss Anna Maria Thompson was an affected young lady, who never knew nothing and always did; that Mrs Thompson was provided for by deponent's labor, and that she very ungenerously fed her own children from the food provided for the children of Moses; that Miss Thompson affected a lady-like demeanor when in genteel company; but that Miss Thompson, when at home, was quite another Miss Thompson, and a Miss Thompson that could, and did say as many ugly words as any she-nigger in the country, &c.

The Recorder gave Moses, and the parties, a severe lecture, and threatened, in case any further complaints were were made, to commit the whole posse to prison.

Education in Baltimore.—It appears by a debate in the Maryland legislature, there are 14,297 children in Baltimore between the age of 5 and 15. There are 175 schools in Baltimore, but yet it is calculated that over 500 children are destitute of uniform or regular instruction. In spite of the evidence showing the deficiency in public instruction in various parts of the Union, there is yet a class of men who are eternally collecting money to send to foreign countries under the pretence of instructing the ignorant. Vide the letters, papers, and meetings put forth by the "Fudge Family" of Greece, in relation to school and colleges on Mars Hill at Athens, &c.

From the Boylestown Intelligencer.

TRIAL OF MRS. CHAPMAN.

On Saturday night last, about eleven o'clock, Lucretia Chapman, alias Mina, was acquitted of the charge of murdering her late husband, William Chapman. This was the result of a most arduous, but deliberate investigation of eleven days. The Court sat on an average eight hours a day; on the last day, more than eleven hours. In noticing the result and a few of the incidents of this highly interesting trial, we have no intention to infringe upon the strict rule of the Court, which is, that no publication shall be made of the facts and evidence disclosed until after the trial of Mina, which will not take place until the 23d day of April next. Appreciating, as we do, the reason of the rule, we shall not, however unwelcome it may prove to the eager curiosity of the public, transcend the limits which authority and exact justice impose upon us, by exposing in print, any statement which may affect the chance of a fair trial for the Spaniard. Reporters at the tables in Court, who had come prepared to spread abroad the proceedings through the Philadelphia newspapers, were required to be vouched for by counsel; so that every precaution, within the power of the Court, has been used to prevent any dissemination of the evidence; and for the obvious and simple reason, that it would affect the rights of the remaining prisoner.

We may, however, undertake to say, that a more extraordinary history has not for very long time, come to the ears of the people. It may well be said, that "Truth is stranger than Fiction." No writer of romance, however bold and extravagant, has undertaken to string together a chain of occurrences so improbable; no historian has recorded events more authentic. With all the light of evidence, of scientific research, of unwearied scrutiny, there is still a mystery hanging, like the thick darkness of Egypt, upon those parts of the transaction which it was emphatically the province of the ministers of justice to ferret out.

Nearly thirty witnesses for the prosecution, and about fifteen for the defendant, were examined. The evidence was closed on Friday, and in the afternoon of that day's session, Mr. Reed addressed the Jury in a speech of four hours in length, enforcing, in a manner, which gained him high credit and applause, the strong points of the prosecution. His allusion to the children of the prisoner, who had been, during great part of the trial, sitting at her side in the box, was exceedingly well chosen and effective. He drew from the page of history, as a parallel for their affecting situation, an anecdote, in which little children were represented to have offered up their supplications, to beseech for that mercy from the Deity, which their guilty parents dared not ask for.

He was followed in the morning of Saturday, by Mr. M'Call, in a speech of three hours for the prisoner. He spared no pains to fulfil every point of his duty to his client, and acquitted himself as a successful pleader. Mr. Brown spoke four hours, and Mr. Ross two hours and a half. Our object is not to heap compliments upon counsel, and we will therefore only say, that the fame of the former named gentleman for energy and eloquence was fully sustained; and our Prosecuting Attorney consummated that persevering zeal and determination which he has abundantly manifested ever since the first suspicion of the murder.

Judge Fox summed up the whole case on Saturday evening, in a charge of somewhat less than two hours in length. What his views were, it would of course, be improper for us to intimate. The verdict, which was returned a few minutes past eleven, after two hours absence of the Jury, was *Not Guilty*. Mrs. Chapman was then discharged by proclamation, and she returned to her former residence on Sunday. On Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning, Mina's trial, after argument by Rush for the prisoner, and Ross for the Commonwealth, was postponed until next Court—mainly on the ground of the publication of a letter signed by Lucretia Chapman, which was copied by the Republican of this village from the Boston Morning Post.—Upon the postponement of Mina's trial to the next term, the Court took occasion to repeat its former injunction, inhibiting the publication of any of the evidence which had been introduced in the trial of Mrs. Chapman, or any comments thereupon tending in any way to prejudice the trial. His Honor, Judge Fox, referred to the assurances which had been given on behalf of those who had been admitted within the bar, to take notes of evidence, and could not suspect a want of fidelity to the wishes of the Court. The Court strongly intimated its determination to enforce its order rigidly, to the utmost of their authority, and suggested to the counsel of Mina, how far a publication in a Philadelphia paper, and sent into this County, would render the publisher liable to this Court.

The evidence of Drs. Mitchell, Hopkinson, Togno, and Mr. Clemson, (a distinguished chemist, was of a most interesting character, not only as connected with this trial, but as important illustrations in medical jurisprudence. Col. Da Cuesta, the Mexican Consul, resident at Philadelphia, attended as a witness on the part of Mrs. Chapman, and gave a full account of the visits and transactions of Mina and Mrs. C. at his office, and in his house. The dignified deportment and amiable manner of this gentleman were his ready passports to the esteem of all who became in any degree known to him, and we would vouch for the same favorable impressions upon all who attended during his examination. He was on the stand about four hours.

From the Cincinnati American—Extra.

THE FLOOD.

Thursday Morning, Feb. 16.—The river "still continues on the rise." It is undoubtedly 64 feet above low water mark. Yesterday it rose at the rate of an inch an hour. From 6 o'clock last evening to 6 this morning, we should think at the rate of an inch and a half an hour. The *Amulet* from above reports we may expect from 12 to 16 inches more. It was falling above the Great Kenawha, and was at a stand below. It rose several inches while the boat was at Maysville. We should hope the above may not be correct, for the scene already presented is distressing, but we understand a foot is the *least* estimate.—This morning it continues to rise at the rate of an inch per hour.

We took a boat in company with a number of others yesterday afternoon, and rowed to the lower part of the city. The scene presented cannot easily be described. It was painful to witness destruction on so vast a scale. Some houses upset—others in imminent danger. The water reached the roofs of the more humble, and the windows of the second stories of good frame houses. Flat boats loaded with women and children, furniture and live stock. Race, Vine, Elm, and Walnut, busy with the moveables. The paper mills appeared to be in the middle of the river, if river it can be called. Skiffs were passing in every direction. We returned via Front street. The fine houses flooded, the lower part of the street quite deserted, and the second stories occupied of those nearer Maine—but loads of furniture from Water street formed a melancholy *tout ensemble*. The conflagration of a few houses is sure to awaken the sympathies of the benevolent, and call for timely relief. But we cannot stay the flood of waters, nor can we hope to afford such assistance to the hundreds deprived of house and home, as to alleviate entirely their severe misfortunes. Committees, however, appointed at the late public meetings, are on the alert—let every hand be open to give. The committee of vigilance can be found, at all times, at the *Council Chamber*, on Fourth, between Maine and Walnut streets, for the purpose of affording relief.

Two of the workmen at Tift's foundry were drowned last night. They ran down the cellar at the time the embankment gave way, to save, perhaps, some of the effects—the water rushed in with such fury as to render escape impossible. There is a report of two or three children being secured from a floating log cabin, but we cannot trace it to any authentic source.

Friday Morning, Feb. 17.—The work of desolation still continues—the river having reached nearly to lower Market street. Our "composing" room is about a square from the publishing office. When we issued the first circular, no one presumed it would reach much farther than Columbia—but all calculations have failed—"it is still on the rise, it is still on the rise," is all that is said or known. The boatmen are crying beneath our windows, "twelve and a half cents to the *mouth* of Maine street." Every kind of craft is put in requisition, tubs, boxes, canoes, flats, dug-outs, skifs, yawls, &c. &c. The scene is as lively as the *regatta* of Venice, though we may not boast of a Bravo or Antonio. We ought to except a baker, who manages his trough with wonderful dexterity.

We cannot enumerate half of the sad calamities rumour is bringing in. The river, as it sweeps past with its accumulated waters, carries with it the wreck of its desolation. A church passed the city with its steeple, bound for New Orleans we presume; a poor market. Excellent frame houses float along, with hay stacks, rails, leaving the farms stript of every vestige of cultivation. The lower Mill Creek bridge started yesterday morning. Hamilton, and Colerain bridges have also floated off, and the bridge over White River in Kentucky. The Kentucky river had backed up as far as Frankfort, 64 miles above its mouth. The Cumberland and the Tennessee were both very high.

We should think the water at this time (Friday Evening) nearly at its height—rising this morning about one half of an inch an hour. We have but little to add to the above. From the "look out" at the Commercial Hotel, corner of Broadway and Front, we had an excellent prospect of "Cincinnati as it is." The waste of waters! The suburbs East and West, with the lower part of the City, as far as Lower Market, the cellars of which are filled with water, were navigable in every direction. Newport opposite to this city, was pretty well afloat—the water reaching nearly to the windows in the second story of the United States Arsenal. Covington does better —some dry land being yet discernible.

The bridges at Dayton and Miamisburgh are seriously injured. The embankments at the former place answered well—no inundation. There are reports of a dreadful flood at New Orleans —probably without foundation. The only lives lost, besides those already mentioned, are two Negroes in the Eastern suburbs.

Charge of Murder.—The mate of the Brig Triton, which arrived here on Monday last from Gunyama, was apprehended yesterday on a warrant issued by the Judge of the U. S. District Court, charging him with the murder of one of the crew on the high seas, on the outward voyage of the brig, the next day after she left this port. The information was given by the crew. The substance of the charge is, that the deceased was assaulted by the mate while the captain was in the cabin, and after being severely beaten with a rope's end, was ordered to go aloft and adjust some of the rigging. While he was engaged in that duty, the mate ascended the shrouds, and again struck him several times, with such violence, that he fell into the sea, and was drowned. The name of the mate is Thomas Soule. The name of the deceased was Phelps. The accused underwent an examination this morning, before Judge Betts, by whom he was fully committed for trial. Four of the crew appeared as witnesses against him. [The ex-parte preliminary testimony of witnesses should always be received with some grains of allowance.]—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

Deliberate Murder.—The Alabama Republican, published at Cahawba, Alabama, has the following under date of the 13th ult:—"A slight quarrel took place on Saturday, the 4th ult. between Thomas Pearson and J. W. M'Kinnie, both residents of this county. M'Kinnie was in the habit of peddling, and set off after the quarrel for a round in the neighbourhood—on his return home, to his uncle, Kincher M'Kinnie's, in the afternoon, he had to pass by Pearson's. We understand whilst passing by, in his wagon, Pearson shot him with buck shot through the abdomen, and he expired in about an hour and a half. Pearson has made his escape."

A young lady named Hannah Rice, residing at Swanton Falls, Vt. put an end to her existence on the 13th instant, by drowning herself. It seems that she had been for some time in a delicate state of health, and was subject to extreme depression of spirits. She left the house of her brother on the evening of the above day, and after being absent about an hour, her friends became alarmed, and commenced a search for her. She was traced by her tracks in the snow to the river, where her corpse was discovered, the water being only about twenty inches deep. Her parents reside in this state. Miss Rice is represented to have been a very interesting young lady, and was about 20 years of age.

The Virginia House of Delegates have passed the bill making appropriations for the removal of free negroes from that State by a vote of 79 to [illegible] appropriates $35,000 for the present year, and 90,000 for 1833, besides 10,000 for a temporary shelter at Liberia. This is the first time that any member of our Confederacy, coming fairly within the list of slave-holding States, has commenced a series of efforts designed eventually to free itself from the curse of slavery. It is an act which reflects great honour upon Virginia, and cannot fail to exert a powerful influence upon other States. The eyes of the community will now be turned to Maryland. Is she prepared to emulate so noble an example?

Wreck.—The Elkton (Md.) Press of Saturday last says—"A man calling himself Thomas Benson, came into our office on Tuesday last, and made the following statement, viz: That the schooner *Flash*, of which vessel he was master, from Vienna bound to Philadelphia, was cast away on the Saturday night previous, between Wirten Point and Howell's Point, by running foul of a large log of wood, which split her completely open. Benson and another man, who was the only persons on board at the time of the accident, escaped in the boat, in which they arrived here on Wednesday evening."

A man named Caleb Baldwin, about 45 years of age, was found dead on Sunday morning last, in the canal, at the bridge, in Washington street, Newark, N. J. It is supposed that he fell off the steps at the bridge, the night before, while in a state of intoxication, as he was found with his face partly buried in the ice. The body was examined by a coroner, who being satisfied that his death was accidental, delivered it to his friends.

At Harrisburgh, on Friday, the House of Representatives negatived the bill authorising the Courts to incorporate Boroughs and Fire Companies; and passed that for a temporary loan of $75,000 for expenses and repairs of the Pennsylvania Canal.

The committee on the charges against Judge Ross of the Supreme Court, reported against the petitioners and was discharged.

The committee of the whole reported the bill authorizing the Corporation of Philadelphia to effect certain improvements according to Mr. Girard's will.

From the Washington Globe of Monday.

CONGRESSIONAL ANALYSIS.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Adams submitted a resolution calling on the President for a copy of the instructions to the agent who negotiated the treaty with the Sublime Porte. The resolutions submitted by Mr. Branch on the 23d instant, calling on the Secretary of the Navy for information respecting the live oak on the public lands in Florida, &c. were taken up. Mr. White of Florida, offered amendments proposing to extend the enquiry.

A discussion of an acrimonious and personal character occurred, between Messrs. Branch and White. The amendments were finally modified by the mover at the instance of Mr. Branch, and, together with the original resolutions, were agreed to by the House. The bill granting letters patent for useful discoveries to certain aliens, was *passed*. The House resumed, in Committee of the Whole, the consideration of the bill for the relief of Susan Decatur, *et al.*

The amendment proposed by Mr. Pearce, in favor of the nieces of Commodore Decatur, was further discussed by Messrs. E. Everett, Watmough, Bencher, McDuffie, Anderson and Pearce. The amendment was rejected. A motion was then made to strike out the enacting clause of the bill; before the question was taken, the Committee, at the instance of Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, rose, reported progress, and the House adjourned.

At the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary at Reading, Pa., about 1 P. M. in the rapid discharge of artillery, at the first crossing in South Callowhill street, by some unforeseen accident, a premature explosion of one of the pieces took place, whilst two of the bombardiers of the Grays were in the act of ramming home cartridge. The rammer passed through their hands, considerably mutilating the skin and flesh in the palm of each, but we are happy in being able to state, upon good authority, that the injury sustained is not likely to be attended with serious consequences. The names of the wounded are Edward Jackson and Amos Phillippi, two very industrious and amiable young gentlemen.

Foreign Intelligence.

[From late New York Papers.]

THREE DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The ship Eagle has arrived at this port, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 14th of January. Her London advices include the morning papers of that capital, of the 13th, being a day and a half later than our former advices, which were to the evening of the 11th inclusive, by the way of Paris. There is of course no news from France.

The Cholera.—*Jan.* 11.—At Sunderland, there was no new case, and but one remaining. At New Castle there were 20 new cases, 7 deaths, 16 recoveries, and 87 remaining. At Gateshead, 1 new case, 1 death, 8 recoveries, and 90 remaining. At North Shields and Tynemouth, 2 new cases, 1 death, and 13 remaining. At Houghton-le-Spring and vicinity, 3 new cases, 7 recoveries, and 30 remaining. Haddington, N. B. and vicinity, no new cases, 3 recoveries, and 4 remaining. The totals of the whole are, 26 new cases, 9 deaths, 34 recoveries, and 153 remaining. Total, since the commencement of the disease, 1,748 cases, and 597 deaths.

There was a letter from the Banks of the Tyne, just above New Castle, which states that since the 3d of January, there had been two fatal cases there, and 10 remained. A letter from East Retford states that 1 case had occurred at Doncaster, and 1 case had occurred in Suffolk.

The Liverpool Journal of the 14th states that the answer of the conference to the Dutch memoir has been published, and it removes all apprehension of misunderstanding among the five powers. Holland, says the Journal, must ultimately submit.

The Duke of Wellington was rapidly recovering from his recent indisposition.

The London morning Chronicle of the 13th, holds this language, with regard to French Affairs:—"The French Ministry seems to be in a very tottering condition, and it will be a miracle if M. Perier weather the storm to which he is now exposed. When Francis I. lost the day at Pavia, he exclaimed that they had lost all but their honour. Unfortunately for M. Perier, a number of circumstances have lately transpired, which will go far to deprive him of the consolation in his fall that he has preserved his honour. When he entered on his Ministry, the general opinion seemed to be that his firmness was pushed the length of obstinacy. But for the paltry trickery—to use no harsher term—to which he has lately had recourse, few persons were prepared. The hiring a mob to attack the students when planting the tree of liberty was an ugly affair; and, unluckily for him, it was but too distinctly proved. The Notre Dame Conspiracy is another wretched expedient, the contrivance of which has also been traced to him. It is exceedingly difficult, we should suppose, to get up sham plots and conspiracies, in such a way as to deceive the public as to their real character. There is generally some little opening through which the springs can be seen. In this case the means of detection have been, it seems, a London paper (the Times.) The plot was to have broken out two days before it actually did break out; and *The Times* correspondent having been duly informed by M. Perier when the plot was to break out, took it for granted that it had broke out, and communicated the event accordingly. M. Perier, amidst his embarrassments, had forgot to notify the postponement of the plot to the correspondent of the London Journal, and the appearance of *The Times* in Paris with an account of the event, two days before it took place, has placed him in a very awkward predicament. The *Quotidienne*, too, which aware of the connection between M. Perier and our contemporary, had anticipated the premature reception of the intelligence in London, now rejoices at seeing M. Perier fall into the pit which he dug for others. It is, altogether, a pitiful affair. And we should think the *denouement* of the Perier drama must be fast approaching."

We observe this paragraph in one of the latest letters of O. P. Q.—"The Treasury Cashier has failed! stopped payment! run away! robbed the Treasury! cheated his stock-brokers! and given by such conduct another stab to public confidence. Why is all this? Because he speculated in the funds. Why did he speculate? Because he was encouraged to do so by Baron Louis, Minister of Finances, who has made a fortune [illegible], because he is a scapegoat, his masters being hidden under his skin; and because the system, which he supported by these mad and wicked speculations, is crumbling away, and cannot sustain the absurd prices of 70f for Three per Cent. Rentes, when France is in a state of revolution. The failure of M. Kesner is an event, not because he is simply a great speculator, and because his ruin will injure hundreds, but because M. Kesner was employed to support a system called the commercial system of Perrier and Company, which was to give France high prices instead of Liberty; and peace at all hazards, instead of National Glory and Honour."

Mortality in London.—The whole number of deaths which occurred in the city of London from December, 1830, to December, 1831, was 25,337.—Of these 106 died of Cancer, 48 Cholera Morbus, 4,807 Consumption, 1,736 Hooping Cough, 6 Hydrophobia, 750 Measles, 563 Small Pox, 2 by fright, 35 burned to death, 131 drowned, 135 killed by falls, 1 killed by fighting, 2 by lightning, 5 murdered, 7 poisoned, 1 stabbed, and 8 suicide. In the whole number there was but one person who had reached the age of 105, and but two had reached 102.

During the same year the register enumerates 28,269 as having been christened.

Paris, January 10th.—Yesterday there was a complete panic at the Exchange. The funds fell 2 1-3 francs; and yet there is no explanation of the cause. The ministry indeed announced the flight of one of the officers of the treasury; but this is not a sufficient reason; nor is the prospect of the refusal by Russia and Austria to accede to the Protocols of London a satisfactory explanation; nor yet the news of the immense falling off in the quarter's revenue in England. The cause lies deeper. It is in the distrust of the people of France with their government.

The Chamber of Peers, which met yesterday, had an ominous setting. Thirteen old Peers resigned, and the consideration of the act of banishment of Charles X. called forth many white (Bourbon) sentiments. In the Chamber of deputies the opposition have been making a spirited, and not entirely unsuccessful stand against the demands of the King. The Chateaux Rambouillet, Strasburg and Bordeaux, as well as some thousands of acres of forest, have been wrested from the civil list.

The news from Poland is extremely sad. All that is good and patriotic is taking the road to Silesia. Prussia is pursuing a terrible policy. The thousands of Polish refugees on her territory have been ordered to re-enter Poland. They have resisted; troops have been drawn out against them, and they have been disarmed and driven in the forests, where they have armed themselves with clubs and sworn to defend themselves to the last extremity. Letters up to the latest dates, say that the government have relaxed a little, but the condition of the Poles is dreadful.

Italy, or at least the northern parts of the Roman states, is preparing for a rupture with their government, should they endeavor to wrest from them the privileges they have assumed.

Latest from India.—The Journal of Commerce contains extracts from Calcutta papers, to the 28th of October. The Calcutta John Bull says:—

"We regret to learn that the Cholera has been making fearful ravages among the seamen belonging to the ships now in the river. No fewer than six fell victims to it in the General Hospital on Sunday last."

About the 20th of October, forty houses were destroyed by fire at Kidderpore; besides which, great injury was done to the grain that was stored in the Bazaar.

Calcutta, Oct. 21.—The labors of the Rammohun Roy and the establishment of the Hindoo College have together contributed to give a shock to the popular system of idolatry in Calcutta, perhaps in Bengal, which has evidently alarmed the fears of its supporters.

O. P. Q.—THE BELGIAN QUESTION.

In a letter from Paris, dated Jan 1, 1832, O. P. Q. holds this language:—

The intentions of Russia, Prussia and Austria, as to the Belgian question, become each day more apparent, and the protocols of London are treated as mere waste paper. The French government can no longer conceal its mortification. We felt assured it would come to this when M. Perrier reposed such implicit confidence in the assurances of Count d'Appony; and poor Prince Talleyrand has been jockeyed. The following questions were yesterday addressed to the Minister *ad interim* of Foreign Affairs, and we may soon expect a reply:

1. Will the King of Holland attack Belgium?
2. Will France aid Belgium against Holland?
3. Will Prussia permit that interference?
4. Will Austria and Russia aid Prussia in resisting France.
5. Will Great Britain defend the cause of Leopold, or remain neutral, or join the strongest party, and oppose France?
6. Or will France not aid Belgium—allow of a war on her frontiers, and submit to the temporary re-establishment of the kingdom of the Pays Bas? Or,
7. Will Belgium be able to resist Holland, without the aid of France, and secure her own independence?

The *juste milieu* system has brought us to this point of degradation and abasement; and it is no wonder then, when the friends of liberty meet together they never speak or think of Louis Philip. He is anti-national!

What then should *Louis Philip* do? One of two things—change his system, his principles, his Ministers, and make war for the independence of Poland, of Belgium and Italy—or abdicate! It would be easier for him to take the latter than the former step; but he must do something decisive. We are not going to reap thistles instead of grain, and pluck thorns instead of gathering grapes forever. The *denouement* approaches. Your obedient servant,

O. P. Q.

The communication between Airdrie and Glasgow, by means of steam, may now be considered completely established. Two engines, each carrying ninety tons weight, at from 15 to 20 miles an hour, and making three journeys every day, ply regularly on the railway, starting from Glasgow at seven in the morning, and continuing at regular intervals of nearly two hours throughout the day; so that the last engine starts at about half past four, afternoon. The carrying of coal is the principal part of the trade on railway; and as the railway declines towards Glasgow, the engine is detached from the wagons about two miles from Glasgow and ten or a dozen of these huge carriages may be seen moving along the railroad by their own weight on the declivity. The carrying of passengers is not made so prominent a part of the business as it ought to be. The hours should be fixed; and for the convenience of gentlemen in business, the latest should start at six o'clock, evening.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The packet *Cambria* arrived on Tuesday at New York from London, with London papers of January 14. We subjoin the paragraphs furnished, in a second edition, by the Journal of Commerce.

At Bristol, the labours of the court-martial on Lt. Col. Brereton have been brought to a sudden and melancholy close. This morning the ill-fated soldier, doubtless actuated by feelings, the weight of which the members of the military profession will readily conceive, put a period to his mortal anxieties by his own hand. He shot himself in his own house at Redfield, near Bristol, about the hour of 3 o'clock.

The Colonel Brereton, whose suicide is mentioned, commanded the regular troops in Bristol, when the riot commenced which laid waste a part of that city. His conduct was denounced by the Magistrates, in a letter to the Home Secretary, and was severely censured by many of his brother officers.

The faults imputed to him were weakness and vacillation, at a moment when the mob might have been easily quelled. He refused to let his men act rigorously, when urged to do so by those whom he consulted; and occasionally took off his hat and cheered with the rabble. From the facility with which another officer put down the rioters when their numbers had increased and their fury had reached its extreme point, it was argued that Colonel Brereton, when first called on, might have silenced the uproar at once.

London, Jan. 14.—We learn that despatches have been received by Government, which state that 800 Polish officers in Saxony, who have refused the amnesty of the Emperor Nicholas, are on their march in small detachment, to France. Each receives a small sum per diem from the Saxon Government.

The French Ministers have been defeated in the Chamber of Deputies, on Thursday; they wished to grant a Civil List to Louis Philippe of 15 millions of francs, when M. Odillon Barrot and his friends, out-voted the Ministers, and granted him only 12 millions, being less than half the amount enjoyed by Charles the Tenth.

The Paris express mentions that the Sultan has declared war against the Pacha of Egypt, and that it was currently reported in Paris on Wednesday, that the formal refusal of Austria to ratify the 24 articles, had reached the Prussian Embassy the preceding day.

London Jan. 14.—We have advices from Persia, which contain some farther intelligence respecting the civil war, already noticed as having broke out. It appears that Abdul Reza Khan, came two stages to meet the Prince Royal, on his march to the city of Yezd, which place he entered on the 22d.

Ramazyance Hassan Allee Meerza had some time before obeyed the Shah's orders to return, and had moved towards Kerman. After the surrender of Yezd, however, the people refused to receive him at Kerman, and his army having gradually melted away, he was not in a situation to use force against them.

We received last night Dutch and German papers to the 17th instant. They contain reports of military preparations by Holland upon the Belgian frontier, and are otherwise of a rather warlike aspect. The Chamber of the States General at the Hague had sanctioned the Budget presented to it, though large, by the Dutch Minister; and the King seems to have the means, if he continue in his present wrong-headed disposition, to rush into a war with his revolted subjects.

On the Belgian side matters look as if they would not be taken unprepared; and as the parties, if they do come to blows, will meet this time upon more equal terms as to preparation, the issue may not be quite so favourable to the Dutch as it had been before, and they confidently anticipate it will be now.

Portsmouth, Jan. 16.—The Despatch, Commander Frankland, arrived on Wednesday in nine days from Lisbon.

The Despatch on her passage home, was struck with lightning, in a heavy squall, accompanied with rain, on the 4th inst.; the electric fluid proceeded down the wet ropes about the main top mast, and was then attracted by the main top sail sheets; having passed down which it discharged itself into the waist of the ship with a report similar to the discharge of a gun.

Dividing itself, the major part ran along the chain cable; burst on the lower deck, searing and otherwise injuring twelve men in its course, whilst the lesser portion of the electric fluid passing down the fore hatchway, exploded, wounding a man in the fore hold; at the same time the men were struck down on the forecastle—and them much injured.

Don Miguel was unwearied in his preparations to resist the projected attack upon him, and though detested by many, yet the influence of the Priests was so strong over the minds of the troops, and the lower orders, to lead to the belief, that Don Pedro will find it an uphill work to unseat his brother from the throne of the country.

From Jamaica.—By the arrival at Pensacola of the United States schooner porpoise, Captain Percival, Jamaica papers to the 28th have been received at that place, stating the rebellion had been generally subdued. Pensacola Gazette says:

Capt. P. informs us that 180 plantations had been laid waste, and allowing the slaves on each to equal 200 each, there must have been 36,000 involved in the insurrection.—These are dispersed, captured, or driven to the mountains—the panic has been so great that the property is greatly depreciated. Slaves that were formerly estimated at from 100 to 130*l.*, have fallen to 20*l.* The Island has been saved by the judicious location of the fleet by Admiral Colpoys, and the active exertions of Commodore Farquhar.

THE MARKETS.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

HEAT FLOUR, per bbl. fresh from wagons....	$4 87½
E, do. do. do.	4 25
HEAT, per bushel, ...	1 08
E, do.	80
RN, per bushel, ...	58
OVER SEED, per bushel, ...	5 50
MOTHY SEED, do.	2 25
ND do.	37½
RLEY, Good, do.	1 00
AXSEED, do.	1 75
TS from wagons, do.	45
HISKEY, do. per gallon, in hhds.	30
Do. do. do. in bbls.	30
TTON, per lb.	11
TTER, No. 1, in kegs, per lb.	10
GS, per dozen, ...	15
LT, Ground, per bushel, ...	56
do. fine do.	56
RD, per lb. Western, ...	9
ALLOW, do.	8
AMS, Western, per lb.	10
ACON, do. do.	7
ESWAX, do.	19
NSEED OIL, do.	90
EATHERS, do.	40
IDES, Rio Grande and La Plata, per lb.	17 to 18
EATHER, SOLE, ...	24 to 26
OMMON WOOL, washed, ...	40

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, every Friday by J. & H. WITMER, Merchants, No. 211 Market street.

THE MARKET.—We note a further reduction on the price of Superfine Flour, towards of 2000 barrels having been sold on Monday at five dollars. The late advices from Europe, received yesterday, had not affected the market, as holders were willing to sell at that price. The price from wagons is steady at $5 75. Very little doing in Rye Flour. A further decline is also noted in Corn Meal in barrels; a sale has been made at $2.25. A cargo of Southern Wheat sold at 108 cents; Yellow Corn at 47 cents; Oats at 34½ cts. and Flaxseed at $1.72, afloat. Sales of Whiskey from store in barrels at 30 cents, hhds. dull at 29. Sales of Clover Seed at former prices, $6 paid for prime lots only. Very little doing in other articles, and no change in prices.

THE NEW YORK MARKET, Feb. 29.—Money affairs are much easier than last week. Dry goods sell better. Cottons and Coffee are quiet. The prices of Flour at the close of the week are hardly sustained. The Susan Mary's cargo of Hides from Buenos Ayres has been sold, chiefly at 15 cents, 6 and 8 mos. The following are the particulars of the present stock of hides, taken with some care. In first hands, Feb. 29th; Pernambuco 10,300; Rio Grande 19,900; Russia 3,000; West India 3,000; Mocha 4,000; Mexican 2,900; Calcutta 18,000; Valparaiso 3,000; California 14,000—Total 80,900.—*Jour. Com.*

LONDON MARKETS, Feb. 13.—Foreign Sugars—By private contract there has scarcely been any business done. This day's public sale 185 chests, 11 barrels, Havana Sugar sold with briskness, 1s to 1s 6d higher; good to fine white 33s a 34s 6d; 34 chests Brazil sold, yellow 21s a 23s, brown 17s a 17s 6s. The coffee market has been very dull all the week, and where sales were effected the prices were lower, some fine ordinary St. Domingo sold at 56s. The Tallow Market has been very firm at rather an improving currency. In Flax or Hemp there is little variation. The Market this afternoon was brisk and very firm prices. The Cotton Market is more firm. Tobacco—The only late purchases are 200 hhds. Kentucky, delivered at a near port at 22s, and about 130 hhds. for Ireland. Ashes have fallen considerably; Pot and Pearl nominally about 30s. Rice is more firm.

Sales of Public Stocks, in this City,

DURING THE PAST WEEK.

		Par Price
$1,000	Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Sixes, redeemable in - - - 1837 at 107	100
1 shares	Bank of the United States, ... 125½	100
1 do.	Bank of North America, ... 458	100
41 do.	Philadelphia Bank, ... 115	100
10 do.	Schuylkill do. 341	50
4 do.	Southwark Bank, ... 814	50
10 do.	Delaware & Raritan Canal, ... 16	50
5 do.	Philadelphia, Germantown, and Norristown Rail Road, ... 18	25

Furnished by Solomons Lehman, Stock and Exchange Broker, No. 44 South Third Street.

New agents for the S. E. Post and Casket.

Batavia, N. Y.	Wm. Mallory.
Georgetown, S. C.	E. B. Rothmahler, Esq. P. M.
Newport, R. I.	Thos. Coggeshall, Jr.
Bacon's Castle, Va.	B. Cocke, Esq. P. M.
St. Albans, Vt.	C. Whiting, Assist't P. M.
Sandusky City, Ohio	Erastus Cooke, Esq. P. M.
Watson's Coweta co. Ga.	Thos. Watson, Esq. P. M.
Warrenton, Va.	J. P. Kemper, Deputy P. M.
White Hall, S. C.	Lipscomb & Barker.
Fayette, Mo.	John Nauson, Esq.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, March 3, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The article on Napoleon came safely to hand.

The poetical Enigma in our last paper has been answered by several correspondents. We insert the best on our second page.

The shortest of JULIET'S articles shall be inserted soon—room for the other we cannot promise at this time.

Some graceless booby has sent us, as original, an old patched up, miserable story of a Pirate, and attached thereto a lady's signature. If we can detect him, we shall hand him over to the *blue stocking society* for punishment.

This being leap year, we feel disposed to use our female correspondents with all possible courtesy—JULIA will meet prompt attention.

"The voice of Spring," is on file.

The articles from Irene, we feel compelled to reject.

"The Grecian Boy's Appeal," is under consideration.

It is stated in a London paper, that the private secretary of M. Casimir Perier has brought an action against the Tribune newspaper, for asserting that he had received a kick from M. Perier. The trial is expected to be a very curious one. The secretary lays his damages high, but it is supposed that if he recover any they will be trifling. C. Perier himself, and one of his colleagues, sometime ago brought an action against an Editor, who accused them of taking an enormous bribe; the damage awarded to their excellencies was twenty-five francs each.

The plane making establishment in Lilly Alley, near Green street, occupied by Mr. Jones, was destroyed by fire last Friday evening. Considerable loss in tools, materials, &c. was sustained by the proprietor. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

The alarm of fire on Monday morning, was occasioned by the partial burning of Mr. Thomas Owen's cabinetware and Venitian blind making establishment, in Sixth street, near the corner of Arch. The fire caught from the stove pipe, while the hands were at breakfast. The loss is not heavy.

Messrs. Huger & Pell's type foundry, New York, was destroyed by fire, on Thursday evening of last week. Damage to the amount of $10,000 was sustained. The contents of the building were partially insured.

On Saturday morning last, a destructive fire broke out in a frame building, in Catherine Lane, N. York. About sixteen dwellings were consumed, generally the residences of depraved characters.

Soon after the above, a fire broke out in a grocery store, corner of Duane and Rose street, which was not extinguished until that and two adjoining dwellings were destroyed.

D. & W. Silkman's hat manufactory, in West Chester county, N. York, was destroyed by fire on the 5th ult. under circumstances which created strong suspicions that it was the work of an incendiary. A developement has since been made which has led to the arrest of four young men in that county, and their committal to prison to take their trial upon the charge. One of the Messrs. S. resides in New York, and is the same individual against whom the conspiracy was formed, for the purpose of sending him to Prison. The destruction of his property, appears to have been a part of the original plan, it being the design of the gang to strip him of his worldly goods, as well as his good name.

A fire broke out in Mr. Snelling's tailor shop, Boston, one evening last week. Immediately above was the office of the Boston Evening Gazette, which was trifingly injured. The Napier Press upon which the paper is worked sustained some damage.

The members of the Boston Engine company, No. 8, have formed themselves into a Temperance Society, and have agreed to drink nothing stronger than hot coffee or chocolate.

DIFFICULTIES AT WASHINGTON.

The daily papers of the past week have teemed with the correspondence growing out of a dispute between certain Senators and Congressmen at Washington, in connection with the recent rejection of Mr. Van Buren. Several challenges have passed between the parties, but owing to some technical difficulties, made by one and another, no hostile meeting has yet taken place. The proceedings are infinitely discreditable to all the parties implicated. It is lamentable to reflect that the highest officers of our government countenance, encourage and practice that most barbarous feudal custom, duelling—a custom condemned, unhesitatingly, by every moral member of the community. It is to be regretted that our laws are not more severe against this practice. Were it in our power, we would have every person engaged in a duel, either as principal or second, not only ineligible to public office, but scouted from decent society.

The cause of contention appears to have arisen from a publication in the New York Courier, charging Mr. Poindexter, of Mississippi, and Gov. Moore, of Alabama, with underhand dealings, in procuring a letter from Samuel E. Clement, relating a conversation which took place between the writer and Mr. Van Buren, and with having advanced money to said Clement, to establish a newspaper in the Western States. To a card, repelling these insinuations, Col. Webb replied, that three members of the New York Delegation, were responsible for the offensive statement.

Shortly after, on the 15th of Feb. Mr. Poindexter addressed a letter to Mr. Bergen, one of the New York Delegation, asking if he were one of the members of Congress alluded to, and directing the reply to be made through his friend, Mr. Davis, of South Carolina. To this, Mr. Bergen replied—through *his* friend, Col. Webb—that Mr. Clement did relate, in his presence, that Mr. Poindexter and Gov. Moore, had agreed to aid him with funds to establish a paper in Mississippi or Alabama; that he repeated the conversation to Col. Webb, but did not make himself responsible for any inferences which he, (Col. W.) might make from it. This reply was returned to Mr. Bergen by Mr. Davis, as *unsatisfactory*. Col. Webb then informed Mr. Davis, that no other communication would be offered, and so the affair rested for a time.

Mr. Poindexter then addressed a letter to Mr. Hoffman, another of the New York Delegation, making similar enquiries. Mr. Hoffman replied that he also was present when Mr. Clement related the statement made by Mr. Bergen, but that with the inferences and conclusions of the editor of the Enquirer, he had nothing to do; neither did he offer to vouch for the truth of Mr. Clement's assertion. Mr. Poindexter rejoined, and asked if the publication in the Enquirer was made at Mr. Hoffman's suggestion. Mr. H. replied that he had no agency in it whatever. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Poindexter next demands of Mr. Hoffman, whether or not he *believed* the published statement to be true. Mr. H. very justly grew indignant at this gross insult, and refused an answer. Poindexter then challenged him to fight, but Mr. H. very properly declined meeting him. His last letter concludes thus:—

"Confessedly and *satisfactorily* answered on the *only point* to which you had narrowed the controversy—you have now appealed to *force*, and demand of me personal satisfaction—because, although you are a stranger to me, I decline giving any *opinion* on certain *imputations* never authorised by me, and to which I am in no sense a party.

"These *sufficient* reasons preclude the propriety of assigning any, *I may deem better*, for not accepting your challenge; and I must decline all further correspondence with an individual, who will contend, that he is seriously injured in his honour, because one to whom he is a stranger, and who has confessedly cast no imputations on him, will not volunteer a belief, that imputations cast on him by another, are untrue.

"The Searcher of hearts alone, is entitled to know its *unuttered thoughts*. Yours, &c."

The next affair concerns Gov. Moore, of Alabama, and Mr. Bergen, and originated in a letter from the former—through the hands of Gov. Miller, of S. C.—calling upon the latter to disclaim any participation in the offensive publication in the Enquirer, referred to in Mr. Poindexter's letter. Mr. Bergen, through Col. Webb, returned a copy of his answer to Mr. Poindexter, adding that he did not perceive any necessity for varying the language. This reply was dated, Saturday, Feb. 18th. On the following day, (Sunday,) Gov. Miller returned the letter as *unsatisfactory*, to Mr. Bergen, and at the same time begged that Col. Webb might not be the bearer of any other note to Gov. Moore, in as much as he, (Gov. M.) did not consider Col. Webb a *gentleman!* Mr. Bergen subsequently replied that he had chosen Col. Webb as his friend, to act for him in this matter, and he would receive no communication except through his hands. Thus this correspondence terminated.

Col. Webb, on the 21st February, published in the Washington Globe, a long letter, addressed to Gov. Miller, in which he reviews the whole case. He regards the plea of Gov. Moore, that he will not fight, because Col. Webb, the second to Mr. Bergen, is no gentleman, as *cowardly*, and adds:—

"If the records of the Courts of the State of New York, could give to my reputation, the *African coloured hue* which the records of the Courts of Mississippi fix upon the character of the *Honourable* George Poindexter; or if the records of the Police Office of the City of New York, could *blacken* my name, so effectually as the records of the Police Office of this City, point out the *colour* of the associations of your principal—the *Honourable* Gabriel Moore; then could they, with propriety, refuse to meet me as a *principal*; but even then, *infamous* as I most assuredly would be, they would not have a right to object to Mr. Bergen's employing me as his friend."

Subsequently, in the Washington Telegraph, Gov. Moore published a long "card," directed against Mr. Bergen. He concludes as follows:—

"By retreating behind Webb, he (Bergen) has placed himself without the pale of honor, and below animadversion. I am restrained by self-respect, by respect for the body of which he is a member, and a regard for the feelings of those who would participate in the consequent degradation, from inflicting upon him that personal chastisement which a *calumny* so base, and which, but for his skulking cowardice, his accidental relation to society would seem to demand. But, degraded as he is, if he can prevail upon any one of the thirty-eight Representatives of New York to bear his answer, (and he surely can if he has any claims to be considered a gentleman,) it will receive the proper notice by me."

We pretend not to say who is right and who is wrong, in this matter; we regard the whole affair as disgraceful to the country. Personal disputes, it is true, will arise, of necessity, where the zeal of political partizans outruns discretion; but under no circumstances, is a gentleman excusable for using the offensive and degrading epithets, which have been bandied upon one and another, in this correspondence.

The celebration of the centennial anniversary of Washington's birth-day, appears to have been general in all the principal cities of the Union. Exchange papers from all parts, contain notices of the festivities of the day, and even in obscure villages, where a procession was deemed inexpedient, an oration, or an address, was delivered in a public place. These movements we take as an evidence of the deep regard our people have for the principles which governed this great man, and as a mark of reverence for the virtues of his character. It would be lamentable were it otherwise.

His were no ordinary talents; his devotion to his country was a devotion of honor, of fortune, of life; his example stands *sui generis*,—unapproachable by that of any other patriot, known in ancient or modern history. To the American citizen a contemplation of Washington's life and character, is ever full of the deepest interest, and the recent manifestations of reverence for his memory, cannot but produce the most gratifying reflections.

The Good Will Fire company have recently much improved on the equipments worn by Philadelphia firemen. They wear leather hats, round on the top, and with capes attached, effectually protecting the neck from water. The cape may be closed in front also, so that under any circumstances, the wearer will scarcely soil his under dress. The equipments are remarkably neat in appearance; we presume they will be more generally adopted.

We hear it asserted that a large portion of the Jackson party in this state, are anxious for the nomination of *Judge M'Lean, of Ohio*, as a candidate for the Vice Presidency. This, we infer from the favour with which this intelligent gentleman is regarded throughout the Union, would be a very popular measure.

THE FORSAKEN.

It must be acknowledged that the censures in which the illiberal, in past times, indulged against American literature, were not wholly without foundation. The anxious strugglings of an infant people, comparatively poor, and devoted entirely to the accumulation of wealth, affords neither the leisure nor the liberality necessary to foster literature into vigorous life. Authors could find no publishers willing to risk a hazardous appeal to the public; and even if publishers were occasionally found sufficiently enterprising to attempt a new work, without the sanction of an English public, the edition generally slept, undisturbed by public patronage, upon their shelves. Those days have passed.—The lapse of time, and the natural transition from poverty to wealth and from labour to leisure, have opened a new era in the literary history of our country. We may now congratulate ourselves on having a reading public, disposed to regard with favour the efforts of native talent. Every month sees some new candidate for literary honours; and several authors, worthy the reputation of the country, have already found, in the applause and patronage of the public, a substantial and adequate reward.

While we rejoice in the liberal disposition generally evinced towards native authors, it becomes our duty, a duty we owe the literature of the age and the reputation of the country, to see that it does not lead us into encouraging weakness and fostering folly.

No branch of literature has flourished so rapidly, beneath the smile of the public, as novel writing. The press teems with novels, tales, &c. with a fecundity almost incredible; and it must be confessed that the indulgent reception of some of them by the public, has evinced more good nature and benevolence, than judgment and taste. In taking up the "Forsaken," we commenced its perusal with a disposition to let no partiality on account of the merits of its author, sway us in his favour. The result has shown that it was not necessary. "The Forsaken" is, in our opinion, a production of exalted merit. The plot is well conceived, supported and developed; the incidents are natural and effective, and the characters spiritedly and effectively drawn, and the interest of the piece is kept up throughout, and in many parts thrilling and intense. A description of the state of the country in the vicinity of Philadelphia, when that city was the seat of war, is peculiarly interesting. He has given to each of his incidents a local habitation which the Philadelphia antiquary will readily recognize, and which adds much to the value and interest of the work. The portraiture of the American camp at Valley Forge, during the darkest period of the war, and when our freezing and famished host had dwindled into the miserable shade of an army, will be read with much satisfaction. The incidents of the piece and the grouping and colouring of the characters are highly dramatic and effective.—Among the numerous scenes of that kind which occur through the work, we may mention the death of Corwin as the most striking. But it is not merely for its thrilling and enchaining interest of the tale that we commend the work thus highly. It is with the general filling up and the occasional and passing reflections that we are most gratified. They display an acuteness of observation, a vigor of mind and an elegance and purity of style, which will rescue the work from the sentimental trash of the day and give its author an enviable standing among the gifted and powerful writers of the age.

We had purposed giving a detailed review of the Forsaken, but our limits will not permit it.—We must therefore commend it, as one of the finished and spirited works of the kind which has issued from the American press, to the attention of our readers.

THEATRICAL.

ARCH STREET.—Miss VINCENT, whose successful *debut* we slightly noticed in our last paper, has appeared in prominent characters, several times during the week.—She has excited considerable interest, as she is certainly an actress of more than ordinary merit. Her perfect self command on the stage, and the facility with which she attends to dramatic business, has given rise to an opinion that she has had more experience in theatricals than the announcement bills gave her credit for. We are assured, however, by the managers, upon whose word we place implicit reliance, that Miss V. is entirely new to the stage, and that her first appearance at this house, was her first appearance on any stage.

The lady's style of acting bears a slight resemblance to that of the fascinating Miss CLARA FISHER, though she has less playful animation about her. Her readings are correct and energetic, and her attitudes are generally graceful. Her countenance is susceptible of much expression, but her transitions from one feeling or passion to another, are less marked than in older actresses. Her movements are perfectly free from embarrassment.

Miss V. performed *Virginia* on Monday evening in a very creditable manner. Her *Kate O'Brien*, in the afterpiece, was lively and spirited, and but little, if any, inferior, to Mrs. KNIGHT'S personation of that character. She appeared on Wednesday evening, in *Clari*, for the third time, and was greeted with the most cheering approbation. She is a valuable acquisition to the stage.

Mr. HAMBLIN and Mr. WILSON are performing at this house, on alternate nights. The former is one of the best tragedians of the day. Mr. W., on Tuesday, appeared as *Richard the Third*. With many parts of the play—especially the interview with Lady Anne—we were much pleased. He is from the western states.

The new and successful Tragedy of *Conrad of Naples*, will be produced shortly. Much anxiety is manifested to witness its second representation. The delay in producing it, has been occasioned, we are informed, by an exchange of parts, with the two principal performers. Mr. SCOTT will appear as the hero, and Mr. MURDOCK as *Corrado*.—These gentlemen are rapidly advancing in public estimation.

The managers, we understand, have engaged a literary gentleman of this city, to dramatise Bulwer's new novel of *Eugene Aram*. Many of the incidents in this novel are well adapted for stage representation.

CHESNUT STREET.—The managers of this house are making renewed efforts to present rich entertainments to their patrons. A number of very pretty novelties have been produced during the past week, and others are underlined as in preparation. Mr. BOOTH appeared on Monday evening, in the character of *Hamlet*—decidedly one of his best. Although a very brief notice was given of his engagement, the house was respectably filled. Mrs. KNIGHT, a vocalist of more than ordinary merit, commenced an engagement on the same evening.

Mr. PEARSON performed the part of *William Tell*, on Tuesday evening, in a masterly manner.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. KNIGHT gave several new songs, in the two pieces in which she appeared. Her engagement, we feel assured, will prove a lucrative one both to herself and the managers, and a source of much gratification to the musical ladies and gentleman of this city.

Mr. HAMBLIN and Mrs. KNIGHT performed together on Thursday evening, and attracted a respectable audience.

A new opera entitled the "*Maid of Judah*" was produced at the Park theatre, New York, on Monday evening. It is a piece in three acts, founded on Scott's romance of Ivanhoe.

Mrs. KEPPEL, recently from Europe, is highly praised in the New York papers. She is expected in this city shortly.

Mr. FINN is performing with great success at New Orleans.

CLARA FISHER is playing at Charleston.

On Tuesday last the large three story brick house, corner of Charles and Camden sts., Baltimore, was discovered to be on fire. By great exertion the flames were subdued before much damage was sustained. Mr. Edward Needles, an efficient member of the fire department, met with a serious accident in the course of the fire. In attempting to remove a hose, he was brought in contact with one of the engines, and had his leg fractured.

Cottage Evening Tales, just published by Messrs. Carey and Hart, is a work full of interesting and entertaining sketches, essays, &c. No reader will lay it down without being sensibly edified. We recommend it to the perusal of our readers. It is sold at 37½ cents per copy.

Dr. Bird, of this city, author of the *Gladiator*, has just finished, we understand, another tragedy, under the title of *Oralloosa*, which he intends shortly placing in the hands of Mr. E. Forrest. The scene of the play is laid in South America, and the fable, partly historical, is connected with events which occurred soon after the discovery of that country. It is thought to be even superior to Dr. B's. previous drama.

AMPHITHEATRE AND RIDING SCHOOL.—A correspondent informs us that it is in contemplation to erect a capacious brick edifice, or amphitheatre, at the N. E. corner of Coates' street and Old York Road, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made—the building to be eighty feet on Coates' street, and one hundred and fifty feet in depth. Connected with the establishment is to be a first rate riding school; and it is further stated that a company is now forming, with the object of raising a capital of $50,000 for the above purpose. The shares are fixed at $100 each, and the books, will soon be publicly opened. We give this on anonymous authority, but the project is plausible.

It is mentioned that a meeting of Young Ladies of the first respectability is about to be called in the city of New York, for the purpose of devising some plan to improve the morals and habits of the Young Gentlemen. A preamble and resolutions are in preparation to be submitted, which will no doubt be carried. The object on the part of the ladies is, not to keep company with any young man who is in the habit of tippling, visiting taverns, theatres, oyster cellars, &c. whereby he disgraces himself and family, and lays the foundation of his future ruin. If this be so, it will do more good to the rising generation than any measure heretofore adopted to check an alarming and growing evil.

The Huntingdon (Pa.) Advocate relates the following distressing occurrence: On the 1st of February, a man named Peter Miller, with his daughter who was a married woman, and had her babe in her arms, and his son, an interesting lad about nine years old, left Phillipsburgh, in Centre county, to travel across the Alleghany mountain to Hannah Furnace: they took a path believing it to be their nearest road, which had been little travelled, and strayed from their course; they consequently became bewildered and wandered about exposed to rain, snow, cold, and hunger, for three days and three nights; on Saturday last the man arrived at Mr. Phillips' forge, being led thither by the sound of the hammer. Several persons went in search of the boy and woman, and following the marks the man had made, they found them; the woman was sitting under a tree insensible to every thing round her with her babe fast folded in her arms; the little boy was still living, but he died before they got him removed to a house. The man and woman have their feet severely frost bitten, and are scarcely expected to survive the hunger, fatigue and cold they endured; but what is most astonishing is that the child is not any thing the worse.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

It is with extreme regret that the subscriber has observed the alarming rapidity with which this spasmodic disease has visited many parts of the European continent; and recent accounts state that the Cholera is not only increasing on the sea-board of England, but that it has actually made its appearance in the metropolis of Scotland.

Futurity alone can tell what time and circumstances may produce, but should this dreadful disease reach the borders of this republic, the subscriber has great faith in, and is of opinion that the Swaim's *Vermifuge*, if prescribed in the earliest symptoms, will effectually check the disease.

This communication is made without any views to immediate self-interest, either on his own or the proprietor's account—as in the event of the *Cholera* reaching any part of the United States, they will readily supply any respectable physician, hospital, or medical society, with the Swaim's Vermifuge, free of all charge. So confident are they, that this medicine will check the Cholera Morbus in its earliest stages, that they are now preparing a shipment for his Britannic Majesty, to be administered through any professional medium he should be pleased to appoint.

HENRY JOHN SHARPE,
79 South street, New York.

A gentleman of New York, whose experience has furnished him with decisive facts, speaks thus warmly of the medical qualities of the Vermifuge.

The above medicine has been in use in my family for the last seven years, for the cure of dysentery, cholera morbus, Diarrhœa, &c. and *I have never known it to fail*. I have communicated it to many of my friends, who have tried it with equal success. It gives immediate relief to those painful and oppressive sensations, (tenesmus, &c.) in dysentery, cholera, &c. stopping the disease in the most gentle, yet prompt and effectual manner.

In proof of its efficacy, three of my children were recently cured of severe diarrhœa, by only one small dose each, my wife was last summer, effectually cured of a severe attack of dysentery, by only one dose; I have likewise, experienced its healing effects, in chills and fever, intermittent and bilious fevers.—Being confident of its efficacy, I am desirous of recommending it to those afflicted with the above complaints; and I doubt not, it will be the means of saving many from falling victims to diseases, so rapid in their progress, and so often fatal in their termination.

Swaim's Vermifuge is a valuable remedy for all diseases arising from a disordered state of the stomach—it immediately counteracts acidity, and alleviates sick headache. It is eminently successful in destroying worms, and removes the morbid secretions to which many of the diseases of children owe their origin.

Swaim's Vermifuge is recommended as being an excellent medicine, and worthy the attention of every family. Its properties are harmless and its effects undoubted. No family ought or ever will be without it after a trial.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

We understand the trade has opened very briskly between this city and the southern states through the canal. Two hundred and thirty-eight packets and other vessels have passed through since the breaking up of the ice. Another line of steamboats, between this city and Baltimore is also in contemplation, which will give the public the choice of conveyance by the rail-road or canal.

We are pleased to understand that the sale of Mr. Smith's novel of the "Forsaken" has been very extensive, and the opinions of those who have read the work, are warmly commendatory. It should be recollected that this production was written several years since, and is a first attempt in the novel way on the part of the writer. A second, and with his more matured powers, could not fail to produce a work of still more power and interest.

We have before us a very large mezzotinto likeness of the Rev. William H. Furness, Pastor of the first Congregational Unitarian Church in this city, done by Sartain, from a painting by Sully. The artist has added to the credit which he acquired by several previous productions.

By a letter from Harrisburg, we learn, that the bill, entitled "An act to incorporate the Philadelphia Typographical Society," has passed the Senate, and been sent to the House of Representatives.

We understand that it is in contemplation to erect a new theatre in the Northern Liberties. It is proposed to locate it somewhere in the neighborhood of Vine street; and the plan has already been prepared and adopted.

According to a statement lately made in the House of Representatives of this State, the capital employed by individuals of Berks county in the iron trade, exceeds one million of dollars. About twenty-one forges and twelve or thirteen furnaces are at work, producing annually forty-five hundred tons.

A resolution has past the State Senate, that three thousand copies in English, and three thousand in German, of Washington's Farewell Address, be printed in pamphlet form, with the object of distribution throughout the state.

The Rev. THOMAS PORTER showed us yesterday a bust of the late Rev. JOSEPH EASTBURN, pastor of the Mariners' Church in this city. There are few in this city who do not recollect the features of Mr. Eastburn, and many, very many, will be glad to possess a correct copy of them. The cast is the work of Mr. John Chitty, an Italian artist of this city.

We are requested to state, that the Baltimore passengers were on Tuesday last, conveyed from New Castle to Frenchtown, by way of the Rail Road, in one hour and thirty-five minutes, including one stoppage for the change of horses. The distance is sixteen miles and a half. From this day the regular travel commences on the road.

We understand the Philadelphia Band, propose to give a grand Fireman's Ball, on or about the 19th of March.

We heard on Wednesday, that a widow, the mother of several children, who resided somewhere in the neighborhood of Seventh and Lombard streets, committed suicide, by administering laudanum, occasioned by a fit of jealousy, which caused her death the next day.

The number of taverns or public houses in the county of Bucks, is 127—and they pay $1,441 50 cents into the state treasury for license. Number of stores and retailers of foreign merchandise 129, and their state license amounts to $1,261 50 cents.

The New York Courier and Enquirer mentions, on the credit of a private letter from Paris, that Miss FRANCES WRIGHT was recently married to a Mr. P. a young gentleman from the United States.

The firemen of New Orleans have petitioned the Louisiana legislature for exemption from serving on juries and militia fines.

SUDDEN DEATH.—It is stated in the Westmoreland Republican of Friday last, that on the Monday previous, as the stage was passing over the ridge between Mount Pleasant and Donegal town, in that county, one of the passengers was heard to sob, and on immediate examination found to be dead. The informant of the Republican was unable to give any information relative to the unfortunate man, other than that his name was said to be —— M'Farland, and he was supposed to be a merchant from the west. On examining his pocket book, it was found to contain $8,000 in cash.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—On Wednesday evening, about six o'clock, the son of George W. Justice left the residence of the Rev. Thomas Porter, to go home—since that period he has been missing. He was about 20 years of age—thin stature. The handkerchief around his neck had the initials J. W. J. Any information respecting him will be gratefully received by the afflicted family, No. 13 Coates Alley, or Rev. Thomas Porter, No. 51 Vine street.

The funds belonging to Harvard College, are stated by the Boston Transcript, at $504,808 83.

The Delaware Gazette of the 28th ultimo, says:—"The scarlet fever is raging to a great extent in this section of our State. Numerous deaths occur almost daily, the principal part of which are children. In some cases two or three have been lying dead in the same house at one time.

The number of pairs of boots and shoes manufactured in Lynn, Mass. in the year 1831, was 1,675,781, value $942,171. Number of journeymen employed, 1741; number of females, 1775. The value of material used in the manufacture was $413,350.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial, speaking of affairs at Washington, says:—"Poindexter, I recollect, killed a man in a duel, some years ago, and Gov. Moore is no novice in the business." They are both old and gray-headed men—their young and intemperate blood should have cooled by this time. Yet it would seem, in this case, that wisdom comes not with years. We can conceive of no more demoralizing picture than two men, white haired and bent with age, as Poindexter is, standing up and deliberately attempting to deprive each other of life. It is a horrid system, and should be frowned down by every good citizen and philanthropist.

We regret to learn that on firing a cannon at the fort on Governor's Island, on Wednesday last, one man was killed and another deprived of an arm.

On Saturday, the house of representatives of Massachusetts, passed an act to be engrossed for the punishment of attempts to murder by poisoning, drowning, &c. which provides that a person convicted of such an offense, shall be imprisoned in the State prison, for a term not less than ten years, at the discretion of the Judge.

While Washington's Tent was placed in the Park, at New York, on Wednesday, Mr. Reed, of Long Island, aged about seventy-eight years, and who was one of Washington's body guards, during the revolution, took the same station before that tent, which above fifty years before he had occupied. This was quite an interesting exhibition.

Another duel took place in Georgia on the 29th ult. between Mr. Gist and Mr. Fair, both of South Carolina, in which the latter was shot through the heart. "The scene was truly melancholy," says a spectator, "as Mr. F. had three brothers and other relations on the ground."

A Cotton Factory has been erected in Bridgeport, Ohio, and will soon be in operation. An extensive Flour Mill is now in operation in the same town, lately erected by J. H. Forsyth, of Wheeling.

The final discussion on the third reading of the bill authorising a subscription on the part of the State of New Jersey, to one-fourth of the capital stock of the Delaware and Raritan Rail-road Company, is fixed for the 28th inst. It is a question which has excited much interest in the State, and about which there is a great and rather violent division of opinion.

A melancholy occurrence is related in the Camden S. C. Journal. Mr. Henry Isbell, in Fairfield District, having gone out with his dogs to capture two armed runaway slaves, who had appeared on his grounds, on the night of the 14th ult., hailed two men who did not answer, but threw stones at the dogs. He fired, and mortally wounded one, who proved to be his near neighbor and friend, Mr. Meredith Wilson, who expired 17 hours after, leaving a wife and three young children.

The Boston Patriot says that—"In Dr. Milnor's church, New York, on Sunday, a gentleman had his cloak stolen from the back of his pew. He should have slept *upon it*."

Mr. John Bronsdon, of Milton, near Boston, was killed on the afternoon of the 3d, in a very sudden and distressing manner. A large and heavy timber, which was borne by oxen in the usual way, upon four wheels, had got displaced, and he had stepped upon one end to fasten the chain more securely about it. While in the act of doing this, in consequence of the roads being sloping in that place, the timber slipped, and upsetting the wheels, fell across his breast, and instantly deprived him of life. Mr. B. was a worthy and industrious man, and much esteemed by his neighbors. He has left a wife and four children.

James G. Shute, suspender manufacturer, committed suicide at the Mansion House in Milk street, (Boston) where he boarded, by cutting his throat with a razor. Mr. Shute alarmed the family about one o'clock, Thursday morning. Mr. S. had been very intemperate for the last three weeks, and had several times appeared insane, and had behaved strangely the evening before.

The Huntingdon Republican says:—"Governor Wolf has granted a pardon, remitting the unexpired time of imprisonment in the sentence of the court on John M'Laughlin, who, at the last Court of Quarter Sessions in this county, was arraigned for Gambling, found guilty, and sentenced to undergo an imprisonment of two months in the county jail, pay a fine of fifty dollars, and costs of prosecution.

The Baltimore Gazette says—It is a fact that a parrot died last week on Fells Point, which had been in the possession of one individual 45 years. The parrot died two days before its owner.

The Sheriff of Lancaster County offers a reward of $120 for the apprehension of David Hoffman, George Hambright, Charles Mason, Nathan Foster, James Curry, and Thomas Franklin, who escaped from jail by means of false keys, on the 22d February.

A letter has been received at Washington City from LAFAYETTE, in which the veteran states he had been very ill of inflammation of the breast, but was on the recovery.—The death of no foreigner would be more generally lamented in this country than that of Lafayette: And yet it is more than probable that he will survive another revolution in France, and see his aspirations for the weal and liberty of his native land realized to a still greater extent than at present. The old patriot would no doubt be willing to yield up the ghost after witnessing such a consummation of his fondest hopes.

The dwelling house of Mr. Sharp D. Lewis, in Wilkesbarre, was destroyed by fire on Monday evening last.

The Reverend Mr. Kruse, of the Church Missionary Society, stationed at Cairo, gives an appalling statement of the ravages of the Cholera in that city. The population is estimated at 300,000 souls. In the early stages of this frightful disease, 1,500 people were carried off daily: the fatality gradually lessened, however, and at the date of the last letter, September 18th, the deaths had diminished to 50 per day.

The Siamese Twins, says the Alexandria Gazette, now exhibiting at the City Hotel, are objects of great curiosity. We found them acute and lively, and able to entertain their company with all respect and politeness. The singular *lusus naturæ*, as exhibited in the case of these boys, has attracted the attention of the most scientific men in the world.

A little girl, aged about six years, says the Lansingburgh Gazette, daughter of Mr. John P. Wickware, was burnt to death on Sunday evening last, while her parents were absent. Her clothes took fire, and before assistance could be had, the poor child was literally burnt to a cinder.

James Welsh, a young seaman belonging to ship Nassau, lying at New Castle, Delaware, while in the act of doing something with the rigging, fell from the main top-gallant-mast head, and was so much injured, that it was thought most prudent to send him up to his father's residence, in Philadelphia, where he expired on Sunday morning last. He was about sixteen years of age.

A bill has passed the Maine House of Representatives by a vote of 92 to 9, offering a bounty of $8 each for the destruction of wolves, $4 each for bears, and $1 each for wild-cats. It was stated by a member in the debate on this bill that these animals had, within the last year destroyed property of more than $10,000 value, and be presumed the annual loss to the state from the voraciousness of these animals, was equal to fifty thousand dollars.

By a correspondent we are informed (says the Milledgeville Union,) that a highway robbery was committed on Mr. Charles Harsel, of Jasper county, while travelling near the dividing line between the counties of Monroe and Pike. This act was performed by two or three men who beat him with clubs until they supposed him dead, and then robbed him of his pocket book, leaving him dreadfully mangled on the ground. His recovery is considered doubtful. Suspicion has fallen on one individual who has been committed for trial for this horrid transaction.

A person named Edward Dantzell, of intemperate habits, was frozen to death at Pottsville on Thursday night last.

A most brutal outrage was committed in Dinwiddie co. Va. on the 20th inst. by a slave on the person of a little girl, twelve years of age. The negro has been arrested, and received 150 lashes, from the effects of which he was not expected to recover.

The Erie Observer mentions, that a man named Brown, a stranger, was recently drowned in attempting to cross Conneaut creek during a freshet.

A young woman, in a state of despondency, attempted to hang herself in Erie county, last week.

The Phenix (Alexandria) Gazette of Saturday last, stated that a schooner capsized near Fort Washington, during the severe blow on Thursday night, and all hands on board perished. The steamboat Sydney, then on its way up with the mail from Potomac Creek, was unable to render any assistance. The name of the vessel is not known.

Bedford county, last year, paid a hundred and twenty nine dollars, for fox and wolf scalps: Bradford county, a hundred and eighty six for wolves, thirty seven for wild cats, and five for panthers.

At the celebration, in Boston, on Wednesday, there was on the Mayor's table, at Faneuil Hall, a massy silver wine cooler, which President Washington used at his own table; and on his retirement of office, it was presented by him to the late Col. Pickering of the town of Salem. The Mayor took occasion to mention its history—it excited much attention at the table.

Cologne Water of Superior Quality.

PREPARED after the original FARINA recipe, which must therefore be equal to the genuine article imported direct from Cologne; all ingredients are warranted to be of the first quality. For sale at No. 244 Race street, one door above Seventh. march 3—3mo

Champaign Cider.

THE Subscribers have for sale a large supply of the above superior article. Also, Porter and Ale, in large and small bottles, at their old stand, No. 5 Pear street.
march 3—3t REYNOLDS & WARREN.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.

In compliance with the wishes of the public, the prices of admission will be—Boxes, 75 cents; Pit 37½; Gallery, 25

THIS EVENING, MARCH 3,

Will be presented the interesting Drama of the

HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

After which the comic Pantomime of

MOTHER GOOSE.

To conclude with the

Spectre Bridegroom.

On Monday, last night but two of Mrs. KNIGHT'S engagement.

ALMANAC.				
1832. MARCH.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
3 Saturday,	6 22	5 38	2 42	
4 Sunday,	6 21	5 39	3 22	
5 Monday,	6 20	5 40	4 18	D. H. M.
6 Tuesday,	6 19	5 41	5 8	
7 Wednesday,	6 17	5 43	5 50	New 2 10 13
8 Thursday,	6 16	5 44	6 54	First 9 2 12
9 Friday,	6 15	5 45	7 50	Full 16 10 23
10 Saturday,	6 13	5 47	8 39	Last 24 3 0

LAFAYETTE HOSE COMPANY.—A Stated Meeting of this company will be held at the house of Clark Goldsmith, at the south west corner of Old York Road and Poplar Lane, on Tuesday evening, the 6th of March, at 7 o'clock. GEORGE HORN, Secretary.

WECCACOE ENGINE COMPANY.—A Stated Meeting of the company will be held on Wednesday evening next, at 7 o'clock precisely, at the Commissioners' Hall, Southwark. LEWIS S. BRIEST, Secretary.

☞ The Honorary members of the company are particularly requested to attend.

LOST, at one of the late fires, two sections of rivetted hose, marked "Phila. F. Co." the property of the Philadelphia Fire Company. The thanks of the company will be tendered to any individual returning the same to the Engine House.

An adjourned meeting of the Carvers, Gilders, and Gold-beaters, of the city and county of Philadelphia, will be held on Monday next, the 5th inst. at 7½ o'clock, P. M. at the Bolivar House. WM. M'PHAIL, Sec'y.

An adjourned meeting of the Philadelphia Association of Compositors will be held at Upton's, Dock street, on Monday evening next, the 5th inst. at 7½ o'clock.—Compositors desiring to become members are requested to attend. HENRY H. J. NAFF, Secretary.

MARRIAGES.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. J. Harpel, Mr. FELIX WIRSHING, to Miss ELIZABETH FLANK, both of Blockley township, Philadelphia county.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Winchester, Mr. WILLIAM H. M'DOWELL, of Philadelphia, to MARTHA T. daughter of John P. Austin, of Norwich, Connecticut.

On the 29th December last, by the Rev. Mr. Force, GEO. KENNEDY, to Miss JULIA ANN ABBOT, both of this city.

On the 18th ult. at Mauch Chunk, by Isaac J. Dodson, Mr. JOSEPH LIPPINCOTT, of Mauch Chunk, to Miss CATHARINE SALSBURY, of the same place, formerly of Bradford county, Pa.

On the 19th ult. by Alderman Geyer, Mr. SAMUEL EVERLAND, to Miss MARY MAXFIELD, both of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Dubbs, Mr. THOMAS SÆGAR, merchant, of Allentown, Lehigh county, to Miss MARY KERN, daughter of Jonas Kern, deceased, late of Kernsville, Berks county, Pa.

On the 21st ult. at Trinity Church, by the Rev. Jeremiah Kelly, Mr. JOHN STURDEVANT, of this city, to Miss CATHARINE RUFNOR, of Penn Township.

On the 29th ult. by E. S. Ely, D. D., Mr. THOMAS WRIGGINS, to Miss ADELE FRANCES MARTIN, daughter of the late William Martin, all of this city.

On the 24th ult. by Nathan Jones, Esq. WILLIAM J. GREEN, of Blockley, to SOPHIA MEREDITH, of the same place.

On the 16th ult. by Isaac Boileau, Esq. Mr. FREDERICK NEWHARD, to Mrs. MARY GREEN.

On the 23d ult. by Isaac Boileau, Esq. Mr. FREDERICK REEL, to Miss HARRIET BROOKS, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. W. L. M'Calla, Mr. SAMUEL MILLER, of this city, to Miss ROSETTA KEARNEY, of Southwark.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chambers, Mr. ADAM PAINTER, to Miss ELIZABETH DEAMER, both of Maylandville, Philadelphia county.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Dr. M'Auley, WM. S. KEIM, Plumber, of the county of Philadelphia, to Miss ELLEN M. daughter of Caspar Keyser, of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 23th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. FREDERICK CHALTON, to Miss MARY, daughter of Capt. John Pascal, all of this city.

On the 28th ult. Mr. JAMES HUMPHRIES, to Miss MARGARET JOHNSON, both of the Northern Liberties.

DEATHS.

On the 24th ult. after a short but severe illness, ANTHONY STOCKER, Esq. in the 50th year of his age.

On the 25th ult. ELIZA CUNNINGHAM, third daughter of George Fletcher, in the 5th year of her age.

On the 24th ult. EDWARD CARRELL, aged 5 years, son of John Diamond.

On the 19th ult. at the residence of her son-in-law, John George Miles, in Huntingdon, Pa. Mrs. RUTH M'CONNELL, relict of the late Matthew M'Connell, Esq. of this city.

On the 3d ult. at New York, after a few hours illness, PETER SCOYEN, merchant, in the 35th year of his age.

On the 19th ult. at New York, after a severe illness, Mr. THADDEUS WHITLOCK, aged 51 years.

On the 28th ult. THOMAS, second son of Robert Creighton, in the 6th year of his age.

On the 29th ult. Mr. RICHARD KELLY, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 26th ult. MARY G. MARSHALL, daughter of the late Jos. Marshall, Esq. of Marcus Hook, Delaware county, Pa.

On the 27th ult. at his residence, near Frankford, Mr. HENRY ADAMS, Book Binder, aged 32 years.

On Seventh day, 25th ult. in the 78th year of her age, MARY, wife of Samuel Pancoast.

On the 25th ult. after a severe illness of inflammation of the lungs, Mrs. ESTHER LUCAS, in the 61st year of her age.

On the 28th ult. Miss HARRIET BROWN, daughter of the late Israel Brown, merchant.

On the 28th ult. CHARLES JAMES, son of J. Waters, aged 5 months.

On the 29th ult. Mr. SILAS SEXTON, in the 47th year of his age.

On Tuesday morning, in the 31st year of her age, MARY KING, wife of James King, and daughter of Jacob Carrigan.

On the 18th ult. REBECCA MOODY, infant daughter of Joseph Homek, aged 11 months and 18 days.

At his residence, near Frankford, Capt. ANDREW DOVER, in the 61st year of his age.

On the 28th ult. PHILIP, infant son of Mr. P. Knappe, aged 10 months.

In Portsmouth, widow ABIGAIL JANVRIN, aged 100 years and 8 months; she retained her faculties in a remarkable degree, and she was able, within a few years to walk about town with ease; at the celebration of her birth day, five or six years since, she took part in a dance, in which three generations beneath her engaged.

In Newington, Mrs. LYDIA PICKERING, aged 94; she had sent to the Apothecary for a quarter of a pound of cream of tartar, and the Apothecary through mistake sent the same quantity of tartar emetic; she took a tea spoon full, which immediately caused violent puking and spasms; medical aid was immediately applied, but in vain.

The New York City Inspector reports the deaths of 121 persons during the week ending the 25th ult. viz: 31 men, 17 women, 41 boys, and 32 girls. Of whom 25 were of or under the age of 1 year. Diseases, consumption, 20; influenza, 2; measles, 14; small pox, 3, &c.

Deaths in the City of Boston, during the week ending on the 25th ult. Males, 11; females, 22; stillborn, 2.

Deaths in the City of Charleston during the week ending the 18th ult. Whites, 7; blacks and coloured, 2. Total, 9.

Grand Procession.

JUST published, a full description of the Great Procession in Philadelphia on the 100th anniversary of WASHINGTON'S birth-day. This splendid display, embracing all the trades, societies, firemen, marine, military, and other companies in Philadelphia, was about five miles in length, and contained twenty-three thousand individuals, with an immense number of horses, barouches, fire engines, hose carriages, temples, pavilions, and other vehicles, with boats and vessels built and finishing, and a first rate man of war ship, full rigged, and under sail (conveyed on wheels.) It is estimated that the spectators amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand. The display was beyond measure the most extensive and magnificent ever witnessed in this country. The description including a large variety of interesting matter, with a number of appropriate engravings is now ready for delivery. Price 25 cents, or six copies for one dollar, by mail or otherwise.

Publishers desiring one or two copies will be entitled to them on inserting the above advertisement.

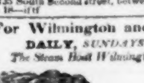
To be had of Latourcade, corner 2nd and Race, J. G. Auner, 333 Market st., the booksellers generally, and of L. R. Paul, 79 south 2nd st. to whom all orders, post paid, may be addressed.
march 3—1t

Insolvent Court Common Pleas,

MARCH TERM, 1832.

INSOLVENT Debtors' bonds and final petitions to court, for the approaching March Term, and all other documents and advice connected therewith, correctly and legally attended to until discharged by the Honourable, the Judges of said court, including professional services in case of opposition. Apply to CHAS. M. PAGE, at his Office,
feb 25—tf 3t No. 3 north Sixth st. 3d door above Market.

LEBANON GARDEN.



JOHN PASCAL respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he will serve

TURTLE SOUP,

Sunday, any time after 11 o'clock A. M. and continue to do so during the season. Families supplied.
feb 25—4t

To Milliners.

WANTED two persons who perfectly understand the Millinery Business. The highest wages will be given and constant work. None need apply unless competent. Apply at No. 135 South Second street, between Dock and Spruce.
feb 18—if

For Wilmington and Philadelphia.

DAILY, *SUNDAYS EXCEPTED*.

The Steam Boat Wilmington, Capt. H. Read,

Leaves Wilmington for Philadelphia at 7 o'clock, A. M. and returning, leaves Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, for Wilmington, at two o'clock, P. M. every day, Sundays excepted.

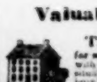
Fare 75 cents. ☞ Baggage at its owner's risk. Breakfast and dinner provided on board. Freight as per printed list.
feb 25—4t

A Country Store to Let.

To let, a Country Store, together with a commodious dwelling house, stabling, and nearly five acres of land, well stocked with fruit trees, situate in the village of Branchtown, six miles north of Philadelphia. The store commands an excellent business. The land is in good order and may be profitably cultivated as a truck garden. This property will be rented low, if application is made immediately, or before the 10th of March. Enquire at No. 130 Vine street. march 3—3t*

Valuable Real Estate.

FOR SALE.



THE subscriber hereby offers for sale his large and well known Grist Mill, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, situated on the celebrated Trout Creek, in Salisbury Township, Lehigh county, near Allentown. It is built of stone, four stories high, [illegible] feet in front and [illegible] feet in depth, overshot, and the machinery is upon the most improved plan and in the best repair. It has two pair of French burr stones, and is designed for the run of four pair. The water power has not been known to fail, even in the dryest seasons. It adjoins a stillhouse, and grinds at the mill the grinding of 20,000 bushels of grain yearly. The mill at present possesses a very large share of country custom, and has also all the requisite machinery for doing merchant work on an extensive scale. A larger quantity of grain can be stored up in the mill than in any other in the country, and its advantageous construction affords every facility for receiving in grain with convenience and ease. There is also a short distance from the mill a valuable limestone quarry belonging thereto, with a large lime kiln. As the stone of this quarry are of the best kind, and the lime in the best repute, this alone is an object of much worth. There also belongs to the mill a large and capacious two story brick house, with three rooms below, besides a large kitchen and an entry, and five rooms above, with a convenient cellar under the whole of the building. A very handsome yard surrounds the house, and a large garden belongs thereto, all in the highest state of improvement.

Also, a certain tract of land, containing six acres, be the same more or less, with a valuable apple orchard, likewise in the best state of cultivation.

A further description of this valuable property is deemed superfluous, as those wishing to purchase will examine it for themselves. An undisputed title can be given.

For the terms and further particulars, apply to the subscriber, residing in Allentown, Lehigh county. JAMES WILSON.
march 3—3t

For Sale, or Rent.

THE Tanning Establishment in the Village of Camden, Delaware, consisting of a large dwelling house and currying shop under the same roof, two stories high, and a cellar under the whole, all brick. Also, a large brick kitchen in the rear, a brick well of excellent water, with a good pump in it near the kitchen door, a flower and kitchen garden. The tan yard contains 60 vats, 4 limes, 2 baits, and one pool, a very large and commodious beam house, a bark house that will contain 150 cords bark, two mill houses, with Toley's improved patent, and a stone mill. A smoke house, double corn crib, carriage house, stables, &c. all in pretty good repair. An excellent situation for taking in slaughter hides and skins, and retailing leather; and one of the best situations in the state for bark of all kinds, being located within a few miles of an immense forest of timber; within two miles of the navigation and ten of the Delaware Bay, where the luxuries of the table can be procured in the greatest abundance. A situation of this kind is rarely offered to the public, and well worthy the attention of an enterprising capitalist. Possession can be had immediately. Apply to
march 3—3mo GEO. W. & F. JENKINS, Camden.

Private Sale.

A Farm, Brew-House, and Malt-House.

The subscriber offers for sale his Farm, consisting of 117 acres land, in a good state of cultivation, situated in Westmarlborough township, Chester county, Pa. in a good neighbourhood, convenient to Mills, Schools, and places of worship of different denominations. The improvements are a stone Mansion House, conveniently large, two stone tenements, a good barn with stabling, and a brew and malt house 100 feet long, with all the apparatus in good repair for carrying on the business. Any one purchasing, (not acquainted with the business and wishing to carry it on,) I will give them all the information necessary or required.

And what would make it more desirable is, the state road lately laid out from New Hope to Baltimore passes on one side of said farm, on which would be an eligible stand for a tavern, store, wheelwright and blacksmith shop.

Further particulars are deemed unnecessary, as any person wishing to purchase will view said property for himself, which will be shown by the subscriber living thereon.
march 3—3t* JOHN PATCHETT.

Bruce's New York TYPE FOUNDRY, Established in 1813.

THE Subscriber has completed a new edition of his Book of Specimens, with which his customers, and other Printers, disposed to buy from him, may be supplied, on application at his Foundry, No. 18 and 20, Augustus street, behind the City Hall. He would remark, for the information of those who have not been in the habit of dealing with him, and because a different practice has been extensively introduced, that his book contains nothing but the actual productions of his own Foundry, and presents a true specimen of what will be furnished to orders. The assortment is very complete; has been deliberately and carefully, in twenty years, brought to its present high state of perfection, and embraces a variety of styles, adapted to different tastes and to the various department of Printing—Newspapers, Book, and Job—highly finished, and cast of the most serviceable metal. Not to notice the varieties, which are distinguished by their numbers in the book, it contains, of

ROMAN and ITALIC, twenty-seven sizes, from twelve-line Pica to Pearl.

TWO-LINE and TITLE, fifteen sizes, from two line Columbian to Agate.

SHADED, thirteen sizes, two-line Pica to Long Primer.

ITALIAN, seven sizes, seven line Pica to Long Primer.

ANTIQUE, seventeen sizes, ten-line Pica to Nonpareil.

BLACK, twelve sizes, four line Pica to Minion.

OPEN BLACK, five sizes, four-line Pica to Great Primer.

SCRIPT, two sizes, Double Small Pica and Great Primer.

Besides Music, Back Slope, Ornamental Letters and Lottery Figures, Piece Fractions, Superiors, Astronomical and other Signs, Space Rules, Brass Rules, Ornamental Dashes, Long Braces—more than TWO HUNDRED kinds of FLOWERS, and ONE THOUSAND CUTS and ORNAMENTS for School Books, Newspapers, and Scientific Works.

☞ Orders for any of these, and also for Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases, Furniture, Printing Ink, or any thing required in the Printing business, will be executed on the most favourable terms, and with the utmost promptitude, a large stock of the Foundry articles being always on hand.
New York, Jan. 28, 1832. GEORGE BRUCE.
march 3—4t*

Baker's Intelligence Office,

ESTABLISHED IN MAY, 1811.

SOUTH East corner of Chesnut, in Third st., (Up Stairs.) Procures Houses and Farts, Boarders, Partners, Clerks, Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Farmers, Gardeners, Coachmen, Waiters, Stage Drivers, Grooms, Bar Keepers, Ostlers, Porters, House Keepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber and Child's Maids, men and women Cooks, Travelling men and women, Dairy Maids, Bound Children and bought Servants.

For Sale, The time of a coloured boy, 15 years old, and six years to serve. Do. a Girl 16, and 10 to serve.

A Book Keeper and Salesman wants a situation.

A Young Man wants a situation in a Grocery or Dry Goods Store, or as Bar Keeper.

Several Journeymen and Apprentices wanted. jan. 21—tf

To Country Merchants.

CHEAP Silks, Ribbons, and Lace Goods. BUZBY & SPROGELL, No. 161-2 Market street, offer for sale a large and handsome assortment of staple and fancy Silk and Lace Goods. Their entire stock being late purchases, the decline from former prices enables them to offer great inducements to purchasers. feb. 25—if ly

OFFICE

For the Purchase and Sale of Real Estate.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has opened an office for the purchase and sale of Real Property, the settlement of Estates, and the procuring and placing out money on Mortgage.

Prompt and faithful attention shall be paid to the business intrusted to his care.

For particulars inquire at the office, No. 44 north Fifth street.
BENJAMIN TUCKER.

References: Wm. Rawle, counsellor at law, 109 Walnut st.; Robert Ralston, 189 Arch street; Matthew Carey, 116 Walnut street; Dr. Joseph Parrish, 169 Arch street; Dr. John Moore, 223 Arch street; J. Bouvier, counsellor at law, at the Hall of the Franklin Institute. feb 18—7t*

Merrill's Silk Plaster

IS offered with the greatest confidence, as a safe and certain cure for pains depending on *Gout*, or *Rheumatism*, *Swellings*, swelled *Breasts*, stiffness in the Joints, *Corns*, *Burns*, frost bitten Limbs, &c. It is likewise equally approved as a strengthening plaster. Soft socks, saturated with the same medical preparation as the plaster, very suitable for Gout, and other diseases of the feet, are made and used with astonishing success. The preparation is an entire new discovery, there is ample proof, and certificates from the most respectable sources of its being an article of the first importance, soon producing on the part applied a slight irritating sensation which is followed by a total removal of the pain.

To be had of the proprietor and at Mrs. Canteio's, No. 113 Chesnut street, two doors above the Post Office, where certificates of its efficacy may be seen.

Druggists, country merchants and others, supplied at the shortest notice, and a reasonable deduction made when bought to sell again. Letters and orders from any part of the United States (post paid) directed to the proprietor, C. MERRILL, 176 Coates Street, a few doors above Fourth street, will meet with prompt attention; and in all cases when $5 and upwards are enclosed, the article will be immediately forwarded at the wholesale prices with directions for its use.
march 3—tf

Public Sale of Real Estate.

WILL be sold, at Public Vendue, on Monday, 19th of March next, at the house of John West, Innkeeper, in the village of Moorestown, in the township of Chester, in the county of Burlington, and state of New Jersey, all the following described Real Estate, late the property of Morgan Hollinshead, deceased.

No. 1. A house and lot of land, containing about one acre, situate on the south side of the Main street in the village of Moorestown, adjoining the Friend's Meeting House lot, and directly opposite the upper tavern in the village. There is on the said lot, a good convenient frame dwelling house, with two rooms and an entry on the first floor, and three rooms and an entry on the second, with two convenient rooms finished in the garret, with a cellar under the same; there is likewise a large convenient kitchen adjoining, with a well of excellent water at the door; there is also on said lot, two good workshops, well calculated for a Tailor or Shoe maker, or other mechanic, with a commodious carriage house, stable, &c. with a quantity of fruit trees of various kinds. This property is well worth the attention of any mechanic, or other person wishing to settle themselves in the village, as the whole is in a good state of repair and pleasantly situated in the most public part of the village.

No. 2. A lot of Meadow Land, of the first quality, in a high state of cultivation, containing two acres, and adjoining to the above lot, No. 1.

No. 3. About six acres of first quality land, situated near the village on the Main road leading to Burlington. This lot is in a good state of cultivation, pleasantly situated, and would be a desirable situation for any person wishing to build; this property will be sold together or in parts as may suit purchasers.

No. 4. A small farm, situate in the township of Chester, about one and a half miles from Moorestown, and three from the former toll bridge on the Rancocas Creek, adjoining lands of Jacob Gittins and others, containing about forty acres, six of which are well covered with young thrifty timber, and the remainder arable land; there is on the said farm a good two story frame dwelling house, and barn, &c. with a good apple orchard of the best grafted fruit; a further description of the property is deemed unnecessary, as it is presumed persons wishing to purchase, will view for themselves. Any person wishing to view either of the above pieces of property, will be shewn the same by calling on either of the subscribers living in Moorestown.

The sale will commence at ONE o'clock on said day, when attendance will be given and conditions made known by
ANDREW HOLLINSHEAD, one of the heirs.
AMOS STILES, attorney for the heirs. march 3—2t*

Dyspepsia or Indigestion

Cured by Dr. T. J. Crossman; office 117 south Third street, directly opposite the Mansion House Hotel—Hours from 7 to 9, A. M. and from 1 to 2 P. M.

DR. T. J. CROSSMAN having once suffered with this annoying disease, in its most aggravated form for almost five years, with the advantage of the best medical advice in the country, and all the most popular systematic writers of Europe, with an assiduous exhibiting and application of their means as recommended, without the least permanent benefit: he thinks it a duty to make public, that he accidentally discovered a combination of remedies by which he was perfectly cured in a short time, and which has been attended with almost general success in the treatment of a great variety of cases. The difficulty that usually attends the cure of this formidable complaint, by the means generally used, is readily acknowledged by every candid physician; if not, the dyspeptic is aware of, and can corroborate the fact, especially if he has been a long sufferer.

The following certificate is from a gentleman who had long been subject to the dyspepsia, and by taking a great variety of medicines without benefit, had become very sceptical with regard to the value of any.

"I hereby certify, that I was long troubled with a disease called dyspepsia, my symptoms were, a sense of fulness; load or distension of the stomach; flatulent eructation of wind; pains in my right and left side and stomach; great despondency; dull head-ache; bad taste in the mouth; cold feet; occasional chills; costive state of the bowels, sometimes diarrhœa, *loss of appetite*; great weakness, and general emaciation. By a friend at New York I was recommended to Dr. Crossman. I submitted to his treatment with but little faith; but to my great astonishment and joy, I was shortly relieved and recovered my former good health, cheerfulness and vigor, perfectly.
New York, Oct. 19, 1831. JOHN F. CALDWELL."

Dr. Crossman would further inform, besides attending to all within the profession of a physician, he makes use of means with unparalleled success in the treatment of diseases of the eye, especially all species of inflammation. march 3—tf

A traveler meets,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spend an hour's talk withal.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE RICH PLANTER AND SLAVE.

Said a rich planter to his slave,
When on his death-bed lying:
"Sambo, this last request I'd have
Granted when I'm laid in my grave,
As poor I feel I'm dying.
That you, for services sincere,
A faithful, honest slave,
Shall be, whenever life's career
Is ended, and you must disappear,
Laid with me in my grave."

"Ah! Massa, no," Sambo replied,
"Me rather get de money,
Dan me no fear yer life betide,
Cause me get freedom on me side,
Den Sambo no more respect.
De very breeze make Sambo shake—
Oh! yes a ting it be,
For yes the devil comes to take,
My Massa, den he make quintake,
And run away yer me."

A HUT FOR THE PRINTERS.

Jim Black who loved to eat a ——
Was courting Betty Brown
A maid who had a jam of cash
To make the pill go down

So Jemmy then one morning said
And took her by the ——
"Dear Betty sweet as pickled maid
The fatest in the land

Hear this ! I make
Some pity now bestow
And put I pray for mercy's sake
A . to my woe

If my destruction be your aim
As you may use
I'd rather die by sword than flame
My warmth of words excuse

You even a] sow
A welcome guest would be
For fate's determined to allow
A alone for me

Rather than hear your frowns will I
Embark upon the seas
For in a ° would I die
Not parish by °°

But to the last your praise I'll sing
In spite of all our pain
And through the world your name shall ring
And ever adore the °°°

There's not a § of our land
Could show your ||
I'd better try to count the sand
Than tell your worth to tell."

Betty who had a feeling heart
Not stiffer so tough as leather
Bade Jemmy for the priest to start
To —— them both together

BREVIER.

EXPLANATIONS OF THE ABOVE.

— Dash, ' minute, ° degrees, ' apostrophe, ° stars, , period, § secret, ; semicolon, ‖ parallel, ! dagger, ~ brace, ‡ double dagger,

PUFFS AT HALF PRICE.—A Boston Philosopher advertises, that he has on hand a quantity of *Puffs*, which being *partially damaged*, he will dispose of at 25 cents a piece. We have lately seen several newspaper puffs considerable worse for wear.—*Camden Jour.*

LAWYERS.—A number of years ago, two wealthy farmers in Freehelsire fell into a dispute about a bargain, and determined to have their difference settled according to law. One of them accordingly repaired to the county town, and stated his case to a lawyer. The professor regretted that he could not undertake his cause, having previously been engaged by his opponent, but would do what was in his power to serve him by recommending another lawyer. The farmer thanked him, and took from him a letter of introduction to his friend. The wafer being wet he thought he might as well take a peep at its contents: he did so, and read as follows—"There are two fat geese come to the town, pluck you the one, and I'll the other." The farmer immediately waited on his opponent and showed him the letter. The matter was soon arranged without the lawyers.—*Scotsman.*

On a dispute between two officers on board a vessel whose crew were Irish and English sailors, one of them contended that the English could not answer a common question with half that alertness which was natural to the Irish. A bet being proposed, it was agreed to try the point immediately; and an English seaman was asked, what he would take to go up aloft blindfold in a hard gale: "I would take a month's pay," said the fellow. "And what would you take, Pat?" said one of the officers to an Irishman. "By St. Patrick! (said he) I would take nothing but fast-hold."

THE LIFE OF "A GENTLEMAN."—He gets up leisurely, breakfasts comfortably, reads the paper regularly, dresses fashionably, lounges fastidiously, eats a tart gravely, tattles insipidly, dines considerably, drinks superfluously, kills time sufficiently, naps elegantly, goes to bed stupidly, lives uselessly!—*Tatler.*

DANGER OF BEAUTY.—In the first attempt made by Mary Queen of Scots, to escape from imprisonment in Lochleven Castle, she disguised herself as a laundress, with whom she had changed clothes, and when seated in the boat and putting off from the shore, she was discovered by lifting her hand to her head. The extreme beauty of her hand, with its whiteness, discovered her at once, and she was carried back to her chamber in bitterness and tears.

Let your dress be as cheap as may be without *shabbiness*; think more about the color of your shirt than about the gloss or texture of your coat; be always as *clean* as your occupation will, without inconvenience, permit; but never, no, not for one moment, believe, that any human being, with sense in skull, will *love* or respect you on account of your fine or costly clothes. A great misfortune of the present day is, that every one is, in his own estimate, *raised above his real state of life*; every one seems to think himself entitled, if not to title and great estate, at least *to live without work.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A friend related to us the following *bull*, committed by a son of the Emerald Isle now in his employ, which we think worth publishing: On going to the hog house one morning during the late cold weather, Pat discovered that a litter of pigs, which had been in existence but a short time, were all dead; and on making known the discovery—"Faith, sir," said he, "I don't b'lave they'd *lived* if they had not *died*, for the weather is so very *cowld.*—*Montrose Volunteer.*

Mr. Moore, author of the Fables, was a long time under an expensive prosecution in Doctor's Commons, for marrying two sisters. While his cause was pending, his proctor one day called upon him, and Mr. Moore being then writing the tragedy of the Gamester, read to him the four first acts, with which the proctor was so much affected, that he exclaimed, "Good God! sir, how can you add to the distress of this unhappy pair in the last act?" "Oh! very easily, (replied Moore;) I shall put them both into the Spiritual Court.

The Rev. Sidney Smith, in his speech at the Taunton meeting, said that the attempt of the House of Lords to stop the progress of the Reform, reminded him of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington, during the great eastern storm at Sidmouth, in 1824. The tide rose to an incredible height; the waves rushed in upon the houses; and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of the fearful commotion of the elements, Dame Partington, who lived upon the sea beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and sweeping out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing back the Atlantic. The Atlantic was roused and so was Mrs. Partington; but the conquest was unequal. The Atlantic beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a *sea* or a puddle, but she could do nothing with a tempest.

The most eloquent speaker, the most ingenious writer, and the most accomplished statesman, cannot effect so much as the mere presence of the man who tempers his wisdom and his vigour with humanity.—*Lavater.*

For the Saturday Evening Post.

FOX HUNTING.

"Along dark gray oaks, whose boughs on high
Are paled by the rising sun,
With quivering step, and glancing eye,
Our lofty steeds are wont early on;
It is a brilliant day;
Each sportsman's heart in his breast is leaping,
As through the woods our dogs are creeping,
To find their well known prey.

He's up—he's up—oh, hear the cry!
How blithely through the wood it rings!
With exhilarating shout, and sparkling eye,
Earth joyous bounds, forward springs;
Away! away! away!—
Swift, onward, through the forest dashing,
We catch the exclamations, gaily thrashing,
From ev'ry thousand spray.

Pro fit the joy of the chase and song,
And the thrilling pow'r of beauty's eye;
I've felt th' excitement, deep and strong,
Of the tainted cord, and the rolling die;
But mortal, on earth's fair face,
Can make the blood, with spring-tide flush,
Along its veins so wildly rush,
As the noble, manly chase.

"Tis seen—the dogs still onward stream,
With deep-toned cry, and countenance speed;
But few of the huntsmen now remain—
My steed! my steed! my gallant steed!—
Oh, fail me not to day;
The fence is leapt, the ravine cleared,
My friends are left, the pack is neared—
Away! away! away!

In view! in view! I see him now—
My shouts within his ears are ringing;
Like arrows from a well-strung bow,
The super dogs are onward springing;
Nearer, and nearer still—
My noble horse still thunders on;
The brush is mine—I am alone—
He cannot reach you hill.

He stops—he turns—prepared to die—
The dogs rush on with howling hate;
How wildly glantes his hopeless eye—
Wha! feel for the prowling robber's fate?
Oh! no, indeed, not I;
The joy that in my bosom springs,
Is worth the lives of a thousand things,
That were but born to die.

I. C.

A MIS-CHANCE.—The unexpected marriage of the Earl of Barrington with Miss Foote was as sudden as it was singular. The noble Earl having taken great interest in Madame Vestris' *Olympic speculation*, exerted himself warmly in her support, and one evening invited her to supper at Harrington House, and to bring Miss Sydney with her for a companion. Something occurred to prevent Miss Sydney from accompanying the fair Lessee, who, in consequence introduced Miss Foote, whom the latter, by her graceful and unassuming manners, combined with her personal beauty and accomplishments, so completely won the affections of the Noble Earl, that he immediately offered her his hand, with an earnest desire that the nuptials might be solemnized on the ensuing morning. The lover's ardor effectually overcame the scruples of the lady, and on the ensuing morning, Miss Foote became the Countess of Harrington. We have every reason to believe that there is not a happier couple than the Noble Earl and his lovely and talented bride. It is not positive as to say what *prevented* Miss Sydney from accepting the Earl's invitation, neither can we presume to imagine the nature of that young lady's thoughts upon the singular result, but certainly there is every appearance of her having lost a CHANCE.

WITH A TRIFLING PRESENT.

Not want of heart, but want of art
Hath made my gift so small;
Then, loving heart, take hearty love,
To make amends for all.
Take gift with heart, and heart with gift,
Let will supply my want;
For willing heart, not hearty will,
For is, nor shall be scant.

GENERAL ASPECT OF PALESTINE.—The hills still stand round about Jerusalem, as in the days of David and of Solomon. The dew falls on Hermon, the cedars grow on Lebanon, and Kishon, that ancient river, draws its stream from Tabor as in the times of old. The sea of Galilee still presents the same natural accompaniments, the fig tree springs up by the way side, the sycamore spreads its branches, and the vines and olives still climb the sides of the mountains. The desolation which covered the cities of the plain is not less striking at the present hour than when Moses, with an inspired pen, recorded the judgment of God; the dwellings of Jordan are not less regular in their rise than when the Hebrews first approached its banks; and he who goes down from Jerusalem to Jericho still incurs the greatest hazard of falling among thieves.—There is, in fact, in the scenery and manners in Palestine, a perpetuity that accords well with the inveterate support of its historical record, and which enables us to identify with the utmost readiness the local imagery of every great transaction.—*Edinburgh Cab. Lib. No. 4.*

INDIAN SAGACITY.—An Indian, upon his returning home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking observations upon the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief whom he tracked through the woods. After going a great distance, he met some persons, of whom he inquired, if they had seen *a little old white man, with a short gun, accompanied by a small dog with a bob tail?* They replied in the affirmative, and upon the Indian asserting that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they deemed it to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person he has not seen! The Indian replied thus:—"The thief I know is a *little man*, by his having made a pile of stones to stand on in order to reach the venison from the height I hang it, standing on the ground, that he is an *old man*, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a *white man*, I know by his tormint and his tree when he walks, which an Indian never does. He gun I know to be *short*, by the mark of the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of a tree on which it leaned; that his dog is *small*, I know by his tracks; and that he has a *bob-tail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

The steward of the Duke of ——— representing to him the necessity there was of more economy in his household, gave him a list of many persons whose attendance was superfluous. The duke, after reading it, said, "It is true, I can do without all these people; but have you asked them if they can do without me?"

A clergyman took for his text the following words—"Vow, and pay unto the Lord thy vows." An Indian heard him very attentively, and stepping up to the parson, thus accosted him—"I vow I'll go home with you, Mr. Minister." "You must go then," replied the parson. The Indian afterwards went to have supper: and then stay all night. "You may," replied the clergyman, "but I vote you shall go in the morning."

A pound of iron in a crude state is perhaps worth a cent. It is converted, we will suppose, into steel, and then into watch springs. Now, according to a calculation made in a work upon this subject, there are 7,000 grains in a pound weight, and every weight is worth a tenth of a grain. 70,000 watch springs, worth say 25 each, yield $17,000, for the pound of iron, or rather for the labor expended upon it.

A HINT TO THE SEDENTARY.—Speaking, reading aloud, and singing, are useful kinds of exercise, and it is supposed that this is at least one cause of the greater longevity of clergymen, public speakers, teachers in universities, and schoolmasters. Dr. Andrews pleasantly observes, that one reason why women require less bodily exercise than men, is, that they are in general more loquacious. Hence those sedentary artificers, who, from habit, almost always sing at their work, unintentionally contribute much to the preservation of their health.—*Henderson on the preservation of health.*

A CUT FOR GALLANTRY.—A young officer of the National Guard has just received a check which will probably cure him of gallantry for life. He had bestowed the pretty wife of a dyer during a long time with letters and compliments, followed her about like her shadow, and at last became so terribly importunate, that she revealed the affair to her husband, who dared her to give him an appointment. Hardly had the conference begun, when the dyer and several of his workmen appeared, and seizing the unhappy lover, gave him a good rousing in a tub of indigo.—Then, in order that the dye might be solid and durable, they made him stand before a large fire till he was entirely dry. Unfortunately, he was obliged to attend parade the next day, and in consequence he made such plentiful use of soap and eau-de-Cologne that the tint of indigo disappeared, but it was to give place to a beautiful sky blue.

BORROW YOUR EARNS.—On the 29th of June a letter was read from M. Johard, of Brussels, announcing that he had brought to perfection, a new machine for boring the earth to any depth, and thoroughly well. He stated that his plan had been tried with the greatest success in the neighborhood of Marienberg, where he had rapidly attained a depth of seventy-five feet through an ancient rock of phyllade, mixed with argillaceous flints. By a process something similar, though less perfect, wells have been dug as far down, to a depth of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, through solid rock. M. Johard anticipates the greatest advantages to geology from his discovery; and, with the usual enthusiasm of projectors, looks forward with confidence to the period (not far distant) when we shall be well acquainted with the centre of the earth, as we now are with the surface.

COLD FEET.—A condition so unpleasant in its direct sensual impression, and so replete with morbid tendency should not be tolerated, but overcome if possible. This may be effected in most instances, by instituting and undeviatingly pursuing, brisk friction of the feet and legs, by means of a flesh brush, every night and morning, during half an hour at each time, and uniformly wearing lamb's wool stockings by night as well as by day. This practice, if unremittingly prosecuted for six months, will be usually found to have the beneficial effect of fully and permanently restoring to the feet a healthy extension of the circulating fluids, and with that advantage a natural state of warmth.—*Medical Journal.*

It is computed that there are wandering about the streets of Paris 106 organ-players, 152 singers, 271 musicians, and 230 mountebanks, three-fourths of whom are strangers in the city, and only 139 of whom are French. It is well known that the crowds which these personages collect, are very favorable to the operations of pickpockets. It appears by the late papers, that these people are to be subjected to rigid rules, and among other regulations, are to go home at 6 o'clock in the evening in the winter, and at 8 in the summer. In this city such strollers are yearly increasing; and, by and bye, the corporation will be induced to enact laws for their regulation.

A certain lodging house was very much infested by vermin. A gentleman who slept there one night told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, "La, sir, we haven't a single bug in the house." "No ma'am," said he, "they are all married, and have *large families too.*"

The minister of the town of A. by some strange mystification of events, became somewhat unpopular among his people; and they, to show their spunk, one certain Marchmeeting, elected him long queue. The gentlemen elect happening to be present, rose and addressed the moderator thus: "Sir, I was chosen some years ago, as Parson of this flock, but as my flock have turned into wolves, I think this change of office exceedingly appropriate. I will endeavor to serve according to the best of my abilities."

MATERIAL TEMPERANCE.—A Scotsman, which had built his nest on the church roof of a town, was observed to continue regular visits long after the time when the pious birds had taken their flights. This occasioned surmisings continued throughout the year; and in the winter, a gentleman who had all along observed her, determined on investigating the cause. He therefore mounted a ladder and found one of her young ones detained by winter, by means of the string of worsted, which formed part of the nest, having become accidentally twisted round its leg. Being then extricated from growing in own substance, it has been fed and nurtured by the continued exertion of his mother.—*Edinburgh Reporter.*

The following anecdote illustrates very forcibly the advantages of infant schools, where indigent mothers, who are compelled to work for a livelihood for themselves and offspring, may leave, during the hours of labor, their young ones in safety, free from the contamination of vice, and blessed by the countenance of virtue and piety.

It is related in a Philadelphia paper, that many decent women at service in the city, or otherwise too much occupied to take proper care of their own children, place them out to nurse, and often pay the greater part of their wages to persons who take care of them. A woman who maintained her living from this class of mothers, lately called in a medical practitioner to prescribe for one of her nurslings that was ill. The physician was surprised at perceiving strong symptoms of intoxication, (insanity produced by intoxicating liquors.) He asked the woman what was the infant's food, and she said bread. Being further questioned she said, "he won't eat bread, sir, unless it's soaked in whiskey. They are very fond of that, and it's an excellent thing for keeping them quiet. It makes them sleep from morning to night." Does this text require comment?

The word "Fact" is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The Delaware was *fast*, because the sun was immoveable; and then the ice disappeared very *fast*, for the contrary reason—it was loose. A clock is called *fast*, when it goes quicker than time, but a man is told to stand *fast* when he is desired to remain stationary. People *fast* when they have nothing to eat, and eat *fast*, consequently, when opportunity offers.

MARRIED—In Sullivan, N. H. Mr. Horace Frost, to Miss Melinda Locke.

The cold this winter's so severe,
That ladies have had much to fear;
As for Melinda—he not shocked!
She is a *Frosty* beauty; *Lock*-ed.

In Halifax, Vt. Mr. Jacob Whitney, aged 64, urbis minor, Miss Dennis Boice, 14!

From a London Paper.

ARCHDUKE CONSTANTINE AND HIS MONKEY.

Herve Herring, in his recently published work, entitled "Poland under the Dominion of Russia," relates some disgusting instances of the cruelty and caprice of that arbitrary despot, Constantine, of Russia. The Grand Duke had, it seems, a favorite monkey, with which the two legged brute used to amuse his leisure hours. "A monkey," says the writer, "may be also considered as an event that place at the Belvidere, which proves that the most petted favorite is not to be trusted. One day Constantine was busy writing in his own apartment, while his favorite monkey was, as usual, capering about, and meddling with everything. At length he fixed his eyes on a loaded gun, and snatching it up unperceived, he deliberately took aim at his master, and was on the point of pulling the trigger. At this moment the Grand Duke happened to raise his eyes from his desk, and though almost petrified with alarm, uttered a loud cry, upon which the monkey averted the weapon, and discharged its contents in another direction.' This anecdote gives rise to the following lines:

TO CONSTANTINE'S MONKEY.

A plague on thee—thou clumsy brute!
Thy awkwardness, beyond endure,
Will bring down on the pageant race
Deep and indelible disgrace!
Thou wouldst have enra'd a lasting foese,
Hadst thou but taken sweet aim.

When Brutus haughty Cæsar fell'd,
By love of liberty impell'd,
His countrymen rejoiced a deed,
Which from the yoke their nation freed:
Hadst thou, like him, perform'd thy part,
And smote a tyrant to the heart,
Admiring millions would have thanked thee,
And amongst patriot heroes rank'd thee.

Never henceforth at fairs or wakes
Will I give apples, nuts, or cakes,
To the vile pags, nor share my bun
With them, as I have often done.

No!—never, long as I may live,
Thy blundering aim can I forgive;
And may thy execrated name,
Be "damn'd to everlasting fame"
For that mischievous act of thine,
Which spar'd the ruffian Constantine.

SWEARING TO KEEP PURPOSE.—A few years ago, a man in Nova Scotia, seeing his sons intoxicated, said to his wife, "Do I act as bad as he does when I am drunk?" "Yes, and ten times worse," answered the good wife. Then pulling off his hat and throwing it down on the floor, "I swear," said he, "by my old hat, I will never drink another drop of rum or any intoxicating liquor." And he has kept his word. This anecdote is well authenticated.

CAUTION.—An order has passed the board of aldermen of Boston, that no member be allowed to address the chairman with his cane in his hand.

APOTHEGMS FROM SELDON.

John Selden was a writer of considerable eminence about the time of the revolution in England. Perhaps Clarendon's short character was an exaggeration, "that he was a person whom no character can sufficiently describe to one that follows him in his merit and virtue; but his memory was too great for his judgment, and his love of case still stronger than his love of liberty. His works are nearly all too dull for any, unless for persons of reference, with the exception of his Table-talk, from which, we have ventured to cull a few of the choicest apothegms.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs of Æsop were envious when they had a great mind to name water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

PEACE.—King James was pictured going easily down a pair of stairs, and upon every step there was written, peace, peace, peace. The wisest way for men in these times is to say nothing.

POWER.—They that govern most make least noise. You see when horses pull a barge, they that do the drudgery work, slash, and puff, and sweat; but he that governs sits quietly at the stern and seems to seem to stir.

WISE.—'Tis reason a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey should pay for the glass he breaks.

WISDOM.—Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion you know called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt. She said, Aye. He bit off her head for a foal. He called the wolf and asked him: he said, No. He tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox, and asked him: Truly he said I a cold, that I could not smell.

WORDS.—Words must be fitted to a man's mouth. It was well said of the fellow that was to make a speech for my lord-mayor, he desired to take measure of his lordship's mouth.

CEREMONY.—Of all people ladies have no reason to cry down ceremony, for they think themselves slighted without it. And were they not used with ceremony, with compliments and addresses, with legs and kissing of hands, they were the pitifulest creatures in the world. But yet methinks to kiss their hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys that after they eat the apple fall to the paring from the love they have to the apple.

DAMNATION.—To preach long, loud, and damnation, is the way to be cried up. We love a man that damns us, and we run after him to save us. If a man had a sore leg, and he should go to an honest, judicious surgeon, and he should only bid him to keep it warm and anoint with such an oil (an oil well known) that would do the cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the medicine beforehand an ordinary medicine. But if he should go to a surgeon that should tell him, Your leg will gangrene within three days, and it must be cut off, and you will die unless you do something that I could tell you, what listening they would be to this man. Oh, for the Lord's sake tell me what this is, and I will give you any content for your pains.

BIBLE.—*Sermonum scriptorus.* These two words have undone the world. Because Christ spoke them to his disciples, therefore we must all, men, women, and children, read and interpret the Scriptures.

Henry 8th made a law that all men might read the Scriptures except servants, but no women, except ladies and gentlewomen, who had leisure and might ask somebody the meaning.

BISHOPS.—The bishops being put out of the house, where will they lay the fault now. When the dog is beat out of he room, where will they lay the stink.

TO MISS ELIZA SNOOKS.

Eliza Snooks, Eliza Snooks,
'Twas very wrong in you
To send me forth, last Thursday night,
With such a cold adieu.
Thy soften'd tones went to my heart,
And still they murmur there,
Inspiring dreams of bliss, alas!
I ne'er may hope to share.

Eliza Snooks, you kiss'd your hand
On that bright moon-lit eve,
And felt, or kindly feign'd regret,
That I so soon should leave.
Ah, whether it was feign'd or felt,
Is more than I can tell—
But, that it' smoothed' a foolish heart,
Alas! I know too well.

But why should I confession make
To an indifferent ear?
Hearts only should to hearts confess,
And thine is gone, I fear.
Well, be it so—I shall not weep—
And singing 'n all in vain—
I'll keep my heart for six long hours,
Till thine return again.

TIME BILL.—A little girl at Sheffield, hearing a deal said about the passing of the bill, asked, with great simplicity, "will it pass our door?"

A large placard was hawked about in London recently as follows: "Drain drinkers must expect to be the first victims of the Cholera."

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.

AN UNCONNECTED TALE.

Having a call to make upon Alderman B. I was introduced to him on the bench, where I found him engaged in deciding between three others of my countrymen negroes, who had committed themselves in a love affair; and I cannot better describe the matter, than give a copy of the notes taken on the occasion by the learned judge.

"My name is Antonio Costa de Wilson. I ash been paying a visit to Miss Araminta Arabella Tomson, in de oyster cellar, where she lib; when Mosso Sambo come in and say, 'You hab no business here.' So I look at Miss Minta, and she say I Ash, and dis gumplin and me have a tussle. De bankechief is not his, but one Miss Minta made present of to me."

"I can assure you," exclaims the sooty rival, "dat Miss Araminta did gib me de witchin glance, which tole me as plain as eye could speak, dat I was de more welcome winter; and as to de bankechief, it is Miss Minta's; and I hab a better right to it dan dat oder genteman, as I hab present to her a sissar, a timble, and a lock of my hair."

[*To be continued.*]

FEMALE INGENUITY.

Secret Correspondence.—A young Lady, newly married, being obliged to show her husband, all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend.

"I cannot be satisfied, my Dearest Friend! blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever been in unison with mine, the various deep sensations which swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is one of the most amiable of men. I have been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us, my husband is in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure; a wife, it is his maxim to treat as a bosom-friend and confidant, and not as a play thing or menial slave, the woman chosen to be his companion. Neither party he says ought to obey implicitly;—but each yield to the other by turns—An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old—she is civil to all the neighbourhood round, generous and charitable to the poor—I know my husband loves nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication (for so I must call the excess of his love,) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word, my dear, ——, and to crown the whole, my former gallant lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a Prince, without the felicity I find with him. Adieu! may you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy.

N. B.—The key to the above letter, is to read the first and then every alternate line.

M. Chabert's Tapuyas Elixir,

AN unintoxicating cure for the Tooth-ache, which by such is the greatest confidence is offered to the public, having, during the last year, repeatedly proved (positively bought) for the tooth ache, which has never failed to cure, even the most violent cases, whose boldness can only be compared to the ignorance of those who have recommended it to the public.

To Hon. Chabert.—This is to certify that we have tried your Tapuyas Elixir on several of our patients, and it has always taken a certain effect; we have found it to be perfectly harmless in any degree, and have not the least doubt that it preserves the teeth. It is the only remedy we have met with, that we can answer as well. It is therefore a valuable discovery, and an entertaining cure. We give you credit for such a valuable discovery, and have great reason to suppose it *infallibly*; if it can be of any benefit to you.

D. B. George, Member Royal College of Surgeons, London, 18th March, 1831. Wm. Gibbs, M. D. Member Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh. Thomas Wharton Jones, Member Royal College of Surgeons, Eng. J. Jones, Surgeon, 63 Dover Road. Thos. Wilkinson, Member Royal College of Surgeons. Jas. Wilson, Member Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. Peter J. Cooper, Member Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. Geo. Cooper, Surgeon, Haymarket. Thomas Robert Gould, Duke Law, 6 Gloucester place, Blackfriars Road.

New York, Dec. 9th, 1831.

To Mons. Chabert, Sir.—In answer to your note of this morning respecting the result of my observations of the effects of your Tapuyas Elixir, I have the pleasure to state, that I have witnessed its application to the cases of severe toothache, in all of which the relief was immediate, and for ought I know the cure permanent. Its harmless nature and its local application to recommend it for general use.

Yours respectfully, W. ANDERSON, M.D.

C. Chabert, your agent, informed me, that you had never been relieved, in this country as well as in Europe. The demand for the Elixir has been so great, it is found difficult to supply agents and others with the quantity they require. Persons have over are making, that all can be supplied with such quantities as they may require.

Y. C. respectfully informs the public, that he has appointed the subscriber, Sole Agent for the United States, with power to appoint agents in all the cities and principal towns, for the sale and quantity of the Elixir, to supply the agents appointed, and those to be appointed, druggists, country merchants and others in wholesale prices, and to retail at the lowest price, which no doubt will meet with prompt attention.

☞ Notice is premised that that which has X. Chabert provided on the bottle, and on the wrapper, X. C. & J. G. C. Sole Agents per bottle. 25 per cent. allowed for cash on any quantity taken at first.

The following are agents already appointed, in the city of Philadelphia, J. Brown, Drug and Chemical Store, north east corner of Chestnut and Fifth streets.

In New York, M. C. Hassan, Druggist, No. 203 Broadway; C. Chilton, chemist and apothecary, No. 34 Park Row.

In Baltimore, Md. Fielding Lucas, druggist, corner of Hanover and Market streets.

In Boston, A. W. Price, druggist.

In Washington, Md. Johnson, druggist.

In Fredericktown, Maryland, Wm. Fisher.

In Washington, Wm. Gunton, druggist.

JAMES G. CLARK,

feb 25-3m No. 152 Arch st. Philad. General Agent for the U. S.

UNITED STATES WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Suspender Manufactory,

No. 31, South Front Street.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs Southern and Western Merchants, and the citizens of Philadelphia, that he keeps constantly on hand a general and extensive assortment of Suspenders, in all their variation, which he is willing to dispose of on very moderate terms for cash, or city acceptances. All orders to any amount, from any part of the United States, accompanied with cash or acceptances, will meet with immediate attention. Gentlemen wishing to purchase in the above line, will find it to their advantage to call and examine for themselves.

Also, an extensive assortment, of great variety, of Webbings, colours not to be exceeded in the United States. People in the trade will find it to their advantage to call and examine for themselves.

JAMES DAVIS.

feb 25—3m

Five Dollars Reward.

LOST, on Saturday morning, the 19th Feb. in Lombard street near Sixth Seventh to Second, a double cased Silver Dublin made WATCH, maker's name Thomas Carswell, No. 16 Dublin, steel hands and button over the key hole, with a steel chain and key, and one gold escape Key set, with red cornelian. Whoever should find the said Watch and return her to Joseph Davis, No. 31 South Front street, Suspender Maker, or to J. Davis, north west corner of Lombard and Seventh streets, shall receive the above reward.

feb 25—3t

A NEW DISCOVERY!

BOOK-KEEPING,

THE Subscriber informs the public, that he will from his new plan, teach the science of Book-keeping in half the time than any other who advertises to teach in this city. The instruction given shall be decidedly more extensive and systematical, than any other taught in the U. S.

Satisfactory proof of the above will be given at the Academy, S. W. Corner of Sixth and Race streets, Philadelphia.

R. MEGONIGAL.

jan 28—tf

CARD.

L. M. CANTELO respectfully invites the public to examine his entire new article, made expressly for the cure of COLDS, and some of the most prevalent diseases that follow when neglected; such as RHEUMATISM, *sore or swelled throat*, *sore Throat*, &c. highly approved of by all who have given it a trial. The bill of directions, proves just other benefits derived from its use; the cure is immediate and interesting to all persons. Apply at the store, 123 Chestnut street, two doors above the Post office, or at the proprietors, C. MERRILL, 178 Centre street, a few doors above Fourth

jan 7—tf

Marshall's Concentrated

Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, for the Cure of

OBSTINATE Eruptions of the Skin, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches which come from an impure habit of Body, Scaly Eruptions, Pains in the Bones, Chronic Rheumatism, Tetter, Scrofula or King's Evil, White Swellings, Syphilitic Symptoms, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood, produced either by a long residence in a hot and unhealthy climate, the injudicious use of mercury, &c.

Price $1 per bottle. A liberal discount made to those who purchase to sell again.

Prepared and sold, only, at Charles Marshall's wholesale Drug and Chemical store, No. 8 Minor street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, south side. Also at his wholesale and retail store, No. 216, Market street, Philadelphia.

feb 14—tf

Washington Hotel,

(*Late Mrs. Fisher's*) *No. 6 north Fourth st. Phila.*

THE subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public, that he has recently taken the above commodious establishment, which, for the accommodation of strangers, is one of the most eligible situations in the city; being in the centre of business; and possessing the unrivalling personal attentions to the comfortable lounger.

The house has undergone considerable alterations and improvements, and has been newly furnished throughout, and adapted for the use of strangers and families.

The subscriber begs, by his assiduity and attention, to merit that patronage, and the support of the public, which has been bestowed on the former keepers, and hopes that the public will favor him with a share of their patronage.

The omnibuses pass, by his residence, and attention, to merit that patronage, and the support of the public, which has been bestowed on the former keepers, north Third street, and the public Ledger Hotel, south Fourth street; and the subscriber hopes, by his attention, to merit a share of the patronage.

JONATHAN WADE.

feb 11—3mos

Winter Goods,

AT NO. 240 MARKET STREET.

WILLIAM BARRETT, begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has received, this year, a large assortment of WINTER GOODS, some of which are,

Are, Circles, Cassimeres, Satinets, Petersham, &c.

Pelisses, Cloaks, Wilton, Ingrain, Dutch and other Carpets, Hearth Rugs, Stair Rods.

Etwas, plain and fancy Linen Cambrics, assortment of Bonds, Welts, Swansdown and Domestic Flannels, Bleachery of Bonds—

Devil's Dust, Cotton Wool, Cotton Comfort—

Turkey Finish, assortment of Plain and Twilled Flannels, Linsey Woolsey.

A variety of English, German and French Merino Cloths—

Every variety of Cassimere, Hosiery, Silk and Woollen Gloves of all prices.

Merino, Worsted and Cotton Shirts, Silks, Satin, &c. Gros de Naples, Gros de Tours, Gros de Swiss, Florence, &c.

All kinds of Sewing Silk, Twist and Twine, Machine—Brush and other Velvet Ribbons, &c.

He wishes those persons who want articles in his line, to favour him with a call before buying elsewhere. It will also give him much pleasure, to display his stock of goods to persons who may not wish to make immediate purchases.

N. B. He wholesales and retails for cash or approved acceptances.

jan 7—3m

THOMSONIAN

BOTANIC MEDICINE STORE,

No. 156, north Fourth street, opposite Dr. Physick.

NOW open and for sale, all kinds of Botanic Medicine, in various forms, the most valuable medical books, roots and herbs; they have been used and approved by practitioners of Much care and pains have been taken to collect all the principal vegetable medicines used in Dr. Thomson's system of medical botany. These, with many other kinds are well preserved, in a crude state, or prepared, and tinctured, with printed directions for using them. Various preparations and components of syrups, tables, barks, gums, balsams, &c. that have been approved and used successfully, in some of the most popular cases of fevers, Consumption, Dropsies, Rheumatism, Asthma, Venereal Diseases, Scrofula, Gout, Liver Complaints, common diseases of women, &c. These, with several valuable patent medicines and specifics, are offered on the most reasonable terms for cash. Country physicians and others, ordering packages, will be supplied. A new and valuable remedy for agues, or chills and fever, is now offered to the different at a very moderate price. Tincture for agues, cures, or fevers, a powerful cough, a sure remedy, which if duly administered, will cure the Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, &c. &c.

DR. GEORGE W. CLARK.

nov 12—3mos

Just Published,

BY M. T. C. GOULD, No. 6, north Eighth street, Philadelphia, the second volume of The American Repository of Arts, Sciences, and useful Literature. Price one dollar.

Contents.—No. 1. Sketch of the geological structure of Hartz, viz. Ecclesiastical History, Secret History, Church History, Ancient History, Modern History, Natural History, Ancient Hartz; Miscellaneous History, including Mythology, Biography, Memoirs, Chronicles, Annals, Journals, Genealogy, Romances, Fables, &c.; History of Antediluvian Animals, Fossil Remains, and the Animal kingdom, Mineral Kingdom, &c. &c.

Nos. 2 and 3. A Chronological and Historical Dictionary, of persons, in alphabetical order.

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No. 5. Geography and Statistics of Europe.

Nos. 6, 7, and 8. Chemistry.

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Nos. 11 and 12. Mechanics, a complete system in 40 pages, illustrated by numerous and beautiful engravings.

☞ The above mentioned work is published in quarterly monthly numbers of 64 pages each, and can be supplied from the commencement. The third volume commences January, 1832.

jan 7—tf

Correct Likenesses

TAKEN in Profile in several hours. Full view, full length, bust and groups, from 25 cents to $2. Also,

Portraits in Miniature

Neatly executed in bust, half length, full length, and family groups, from $5 to $25.

And the resemblances warranted perfect, by

J. WILSON,

67 Arcade, west avenue, (up stairs.)

feb 16—3*

Glue, Neat's Foot Oil,

CURLED Hair, and Cow Hide Whips, constantly on hand and for sale at the Manufactory of CHARLES CUMMINGS, at the Manufactory of CHARLES CUMMINGS.

N. B. The highest price given for Horse Hair, Hogs and Cattle's Feet.

oct 1—ly

Wood Turning.

JOHN FULTON, No. 3 Bank Alley, south side of the Pennsylvania Bank, and back of the Merchants' Coffee House, respectfully informs Chair Makers, Coopers, and the public generally, that having erected a Steam Engine for Turning, he is now prepared to execute all orders in this way at the shortest notice, and on such terms as will ensure to